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THE ORDER OF NATURE.

From the Latin of Boethius.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

THOU, who wouldst read, with an undarkened
eye,

The laws by which the Thunderer bears away,
Look at the stars that keep, in yonder sky,
Unbroken peace from Nature's earliest day.

The great sun, as he guides his fiery car,
Strikes not the cold moon in his rapid sweep;
The Bear, that sees star setting after star,
In the blue brine, descends not to the deep.

The star of eve still leads the hour of dews;
Duly the day star ushers in the light;
With kindly alternations Love renews
The eternal courses bringing day and night.

Love drives away accursed War, and keeps
The realm and host of stars beyond his reach.
In one long calm the general Concord steep
The elements, and tempers each to each.

The moist gives place benignly to the dry;
Heat ratifies a faithful league with cold;
The nimble flame springs upward to the sky;
Down sinks by its own weight the sluggish
mould.

Still sweet with blossoms is the year's fresh
prime;
Her harvests still the ripening Summer yields:
Fruit-laden Autumn follows in his time,
And rainy Winter waters still the fields.

The elemental harmony brings forth
And rears all life, and when life's term is o'er
It sweeps the breathing myriads from the earth,
And whelms and hides them to be seen no
more.

While the great Founder, he who gave these
laws,
Holds the firm reins and sits amid the skies,
Monarch and Master, Origin and Cause,
And Arbitrer supremely just and wise.

He guides the force he gave; his hand restrains
And curbs it to the circle it must trace;
Else the fair fabric which his hand sustains
Would fall to fragments in the void of space.

Love binds the parts together; gladly still
They court his kind command and wise de-
cree.

Unless Love held them subject to the Will
That gave them being, they would cease to be.

New York Ledger.

INDIAN SUMMER.

WRAPPED in peaceful stillness Nature lies,
As if, while gazing on the quiet skies,
She had looked past their depths, and met God's
eyes,

And in that gaze grown calm;
As if, awed by the solemn sight she lay,
Or, fallen asleep, was dreaming life away,
Singing unconsciously by night and day
A reverential psalm.

Half veiled in golden light of shimmering air,
The landscape stretches, wonderously fair,
No trace of paling beauty anywhere;
Nature is in her prime.

In richest robes the hills and woods appear,
The lakes and springs lie motionless and clear,
Ruled by the fairest queen of all the year —
Beautiful harvest time.

The silver river, winding through the lea,
The singing birds on every greenwood tree,
The music of the never silent tree,
The deep and silent wood,
Are never changing witnesses that He
Who made all these fair things so graciously,
Is mighty in his love, and prayerfully
I whisper, "God is good."

Transcript.

ON A RESURRECTIONIST.

HERE lies an honest man, my brothers,
Who raised himself by raising others:
Anxious his friends from soil to save,
His converse still was with the grave:
To rescue from the tomb his mission,
He took men off to the physician;
And strove that all, whom death releases,
Should rest — if not in peace — in pieces.
So here he waits his resurrection,
In hopes his life may bear dissection.

Blackwood.

J. T.

IN DEEP SORROW.

SAD is my song to-night, and brief as sad,
For my long-suffering heart is fit to break;
Do what I will, the one glad note I had
I cannot, cannot wake.

Grief, that for many and many a season past
I have repressed, though oft so sorely tried,
Breaks in upon me, wave on wave, at last,
And will not be denied.

Two troublous figures will arise upon
And float before my sight, whate'er I do;
One is my tearful Past, my Future one,
And that is tearful too!

Chambers' Journal.

From The Quarterly Review.
BARON STOCKMAR.*

His reputation always followed desert, the question "Who was Baron Stockmar?" would not be so general as we fear it will be among our readers, on seeing the title of this paper. His story is unique of its kind. In every sense a remarkable man, — remarkable in his gifts, in his career, in the extent and importance of his influence upon leading men and great events, — he was in nothing more remarkable than in that stern self-suppression, which was content with the accomplishment of the noble aims to which the whole powers of a long life were devoted, without a thought of the personal fame which with most men is the chief incentive to high and sustained effort, and which, if it be an infirmity, is at least the infirmity of noble minds. With every quality to have made himself acknowledged throughout Europe, as among the ablest diplomatists and statesmen of his time, he preferred to keep himself in the background, leading what one of his friends called "an anonymous and subterranean life," and to let others have all the credit of making many a successful move in the great game of politics, which was in fact inspired by himself. Gifted with the intuition of true political genius, — at once acute and comprehensive in his views — he was not more swift to read afar off with the prescience of the philosophic observer the signs of the coming changes, political, social, and religious, of the period of transition through which we are now passing, than prompt to grapple them with all the practical sagacity of the man of action. Possessing courage and tact equal to every emergency, and with opportunities to have gone to the front, had such been his ambition, Stockmar was certainly one of "the singular few," of whom Van Artevelde, in Sir Henry Taylor's drama, speaks, —

"Who, gifted with predominating powers,
Bear yet a temperate will, and keep the peace."

And if in any case the truth is to be admitted of the seeming paradox, to which

these lines are the prelude, that "the world knows nothing of its greatest men," it would surely be in that of Baron Stockmar. For his is not the case of the men of whom this is generally asserted, — men who have made a great impression upon their own circle by some exceptional brilliancy of gifts or energy of character, but who have been shut out from a practical career by early death or other causes. Of these it must always be doubtful, whether they would have answered to the hopes of their admirers, or have turned out little better than "the ordinary of Nature's sale-work," as so many promising men constantly do. But of Stockmar it could never be said, as it may be said of these, *Consensu omnium capax imperii, nisi imperasset*. His genius, on the contrary, was never more conspicuous than when put to the severest test. It was not only pre-eminently practical, but it rose to difficulties with an elasticity which no obstacle could daunt, and a coolness of judgment which no contingency could surprise.

Working as he did through others, the full extent of Europe's debt to him can never be known, and of not a little that is known it would be premature now to speak. But this much at least is certain, that wherever he had power, it was used to advance the welfare and happiness of nations. The bosom friend and counsellor of the heads of the Royal Houses of Belgium and England, his influence with them was due not to his personal loveableness or social qualities, great as these were, still less to the blandishments of the courtier, which his princes equally with himself would have despised, but to the skill and persistency with which he evoked all that was best in their own natures (in which his own nobleness happily found a kindred response), and impressed them with the paramount duty, imposed upon them by their position, of using it not for personal or dynastic purposes, but to make their subjects better, happier, wiser, and nobler in themselves, as well as the founders of a greater future for their successors. Europe is now reaping, in many ways, the fruits of his forethought and strenuous endeavour. It was no more than Stockmar's due, that a cenotaph should be reared to his memory, as it

* *Denkwerdigkeitsden aus den Papieren des Freiherrn Christian Friedrich v. Stockmar. Zusammen-gestellt von Ernst Freiherr v. Stockmar. Braunschweig, 1872.*

was, above his grave at Coburg, "by his friends in the reigning Houses of Belgium, Coburg, England, and Prussia." Never was tribute more thoroughly deserved, nor, we believe, more sincerely and lovingly rendered. But it is not alone by these friends that Stockmar's name should be held in honoured remembrance. It is one which Belgium, England, and Germany, whose welfare was at once the dream and practical study of his life, should not willingly let die.

Christian Friedrich Stockmar was born at Coburg on the 28th August, 1787. His father, a man of culture and literary tastes, and some independent means, who held a small magisterial office at Rodach, a little town between Coburg and Hildburghausen, died suddenly, when Stockmar was still young. From his mother he seems to have inherited the combination of humour with strong practical sense, which formed a leading feature of his character. Her shrewd judgments on men and things were frequently clothed in language which only wanted the stamp of general use to become proverbial. One of these, "The Almighty takes care not to let the cow's tail grow too long," was often in King Leopold's mouth, in times of domestic or political perplexity. Her thoughts in conversation ran naturally into quaint shapes; and in this her son resembled her closely. In one of his letters about the Coup d'État of December, 1851, he gives a good illustration of this peculiarity. "My mother," he writes, "would have said, 'Just try to cobble out of that a verse that will clink; if you manage to make the rhymes fit, you have my leave to bake yourself a cake of rusty nails and aqua vitæ.' A clever good woman," he adds, "with more practical sense in her little finger than Nicholas, Louis Napoleon, Schwarzenberg, and Mantouffell had in their whole heads." It is recorded of himself as a boy, that he was of an eager, sanguine temperament; quick to observe, fond of fun, with a ready talent for characterizing men and things by apt humorous nicknames, and not indisposed for a mad prank when occasion served. He early showed a love for field sports, and he had turned sixty before he laid aside his gun.

After completing the usual curriculum at the Coburg Gymnasium, he spent the five years between 1805 and 1810 at the Universities of Würzburg, Erlangen, and Jena, in the study of medicine. To his professional training in the study and practice of physic he was indebted for the habit of exact observation, which is never misled into mistaking effects for causes, and which divines what is essential, what merely incidental, as well as for the patient courage, which seeks by the removal of disturbing agencies to give full scope to nature, and to restore her normal and healthy action, rather than by active remedies to give apparent relief, at the risk too often of only aggravating the mischief which they profess to cure. It is in this gift of diagnosis that the genius of the great physician lies, and Stockmar appears to have possessed it in a high degree. The habit of mind which his medical studies induced was of infinite value to him in later life, when dealing with social and political phenomena, in the power which it gave him, "of penetrating," as his friend Carl Friedrich Meyer has said,* "at a glance, from single expressions and acts, the whole man, or the whole position of things; and, after this diagnosis, of straightway settling his own line of action." Stockmar felt this strongly himself. Writing in 1853, about the calls made upon his sagacity and judgment by the distinguished personages who had so many years leant upon his confidential counsels, he says, "It was a happy hit to have originally studied medicine; without the knowledge, without the psychological and physiological insight thereby obtained, my *savoir faire* must often have gone a-begging." On Friedrich Rückert, the poet, who made his acquaintance at Würzburg, he left the impression of being "a grave, industrious, young man, of somewhat retiring and dignified manners." The strong humorous element in his character appears at that time not to have struck the poet, who in the lifelong friendship which was afterwards formed between them had good

* In an admirable memoir, which appeared in the "Preussische Jahrbücher," October, 1863, Herr Meyer, now Councillor of Legation at Berlin, was for many years the Librarian and Secretary of the late Prince Consort.

reason to know it; but if their college acquaintance was, as it seems to have been, slight, this was no more than natural. The great humorist is ever sensitive and shy. Intensely sympathetic himself, he must be sure of sympathy, before he lets out his heart in the fun, steeped in feeling, in which thoughts often the saddest, and emotions the most painful, sometimes find relief.

The time, moreover, was not one to inspire cheerfulness in a man who felt strongly, and who loved his country passionately, as Stockmar did. His student's years fell within the period of Germany's deepest degradation. The petty selfishness of the smaller principalities, the shame of her defeats, the grinding domination of Napoleon in his expressed determination "to cut the wings of the Prussians so closely as to preclude the possibility of their ever again disturbing the French,"* the pitiful internal divisions, which strengthened the invader's hands, were enough to banish smiles from the lips of the most heedless. These things sank deep into Stockmar's heart, and inspired it with that yearning for the unity and greatness of the Fatherland which burned within it to the last. These were the days when the assassination of Napoleon was freely talked of among the hot spirits of the universities as the one specific for their country's wrongs. "This is the talk of boys; have done with it," said an old Prussian officer once, when Stockmar was present. "Whoever knows the world, knows that the French supremacy cannot last: put your trust in the natural course of events." The words made a deep impression upon Stockmar. They breathed that confidence in the ultimate justice of Providence; they rested on the conviction that it is to themselves a people must look, if they are to become

great, and a power among the nations, which were ever afterwards abiding principles with him. The day of emancipation was far off, and much had to be done and undergone before it came. But not alone in this instance, but in reference to many other things, which though desirable seemed for a time hopeless, Stockmar never bated in heart and hope. His axiom was, —

"Wait; my faith is large in time,
And that which shapes is to some perfect end."

At the end of 1810, Stockmar returned to Coburg and commenced the practice of Physic under the guidance of his uncle, Dr. Sommer. He soon became conspicuous for his skill in diagnosis, and in 1812 he received the official appointment of *Stadt- und Land-Physicus*, in which capacity he had to organize and superintend a military hospital in Coburg. It was rapidly filled, at first with the sick and wounded of the French, and afterwards with Russians. The hospital-typus, following in the wake of the armies, established itself there with such virulence that the other physicians deserted the hospital in alarm, and the sole charge of it devolved upon Stockmar and an old surgeon. Contrary to the practice then universal, but now discarded, of shutting out fresh air from fever patients as much as possible, he flung open the doors and windows of the wards, even in severe weather, and with the best results. But at the end of more than a year of unrelenting toil, he was himself struck down by the illness in its worst form. After hovering for three weeks between life and death, he rallied, and so quickly, that he was able to march, in January, 1814, with the Ducal Saxon Contingent to the Rhine as Chief Physician. On his arrival at Mayence, he was appointed Staff-Physician of the Fifth German Army Corps to the hospitals which had been established under the great Stein's directions in Mayence, Oppenheim, Guntersblum, and Worms. His introduction to Stein was somewhat of the roughest. Having no wounded of his own, Stockmar admitted wounded French prisoners into the hospital. This was no more than his duty. But all at once came an unexpected rush

* "These haughty Prussians," said Napoleon, speaking to a Russian officer, "low as they are brought, still carry themselves very high. They breathe nothing but vengeance against France, and desire peace only as a means, in time, of executing it; but," he added with great emphasis, "they deceive themselves greatly, if they expect to rise again to the height of a great power; for their wings shall now be so closely cut as to preclude all possibility of their ever again disturbing us." — *Diaries and Letters of Sir George Jackson*, vol. ii. p. 167.

of German wounded. Stein, thinking only of the fact that there was no room for them, broke into a towering rage. An interchange of strong language ensued, in which Stockmar, according to report, proved fully a match for the great Baron. He at no time wanted courage, and though recognizing fully the greatness of his adversary, it was characteristic of the man that, being in the right, he should, young as he was, maintain his position without flinching.

At the close of the campaign of 1815, Stockmar resumed his official post as physician at Coburg. But here he was not long to remain. He had during the preceding year come under the notice of Prince Leopold of Saxe Coburg, who had then formed so high an opinion of him that, as soon as his marriage with the Princess Charlotte was definitively arranged, he offered him the appointment of physician to his person (*Leibarzt*). The marriage was to take place on the 2nd of May, 1816, and on the 29th of March Stockmar landed at Dover, in obedience to the Prince's summons. Halting at Rochester on the 30th, as his diary records, the roads being dangerous from highwaymen after dark (he must have thought of Gadshill and Prince Hal), he reached London on the 31st. "The country," he adds, "the houses, their arrangements, everything—at least in the neighbourhood of London—pleased me extremely; and, in fact, they put me into such spirits, that I often said to myself, 'Here you cannot fail to be happy, here it is impossible for you to be ill.'" The words were prophetic. In England he found the chief happiness of his after life, and its climate agreed well with a constitution never strong, and liable to serious intestinal disturbances. These, even in his student-years, had checked his energies and crippled the elasticity of his nature, clouding its natural gaiety and enthusiasm with the depression of hypochondria. This was aggravated during many years of his life by great weakness of the eyes. How much he suffered may be seen by the following allusion in one of Rückert's poetical epistles addressed to him:—

"Friend, round whose dim eyes hypochondria's
snakefolds so closely
Coil, that thy spirit is vexed, dreaming of
blindness to be."

The danger to his eyes passed away, not so the shadows of his besetting malady—a malady not the less poignant that its gloomy presagings are dissipated by the

facts, and that despondency and self-distrust are often succeeded, when the pressure on the nervous system is removed, by spirits the most joyous, and by a very exuberance of power. Those who were most in contact with Stockmar in his later years would often smile at what seemed in him the mere fancies of the *malade imaginaire*, when they contrasted his complaints of weakness with the vigour and versatility of which he was at that very time a striking example, and when they saw him living on into a good old age amid the gloomiest anticipations of coming death. But that he suffered acutely during these chronic attacks there can be no doubt; and knowing well, as so skilful a pathologist could not fail to do, the organic disease from which they proceeded—a disease demonstrated in his case by a *post mortem* examination—his apprehensions were only too well justified.

For some time after his arrival in England, Stockmar was greatly out of health. His position in Prince Leopold's household in the first months, with little to do in his medical capacity, and mixing little in society, threw him upon his own resources for amusement. "Surrounded by the tumult of the fashionable world," he writes (October, 1817), "I am solitary, often alone for days together,—my books my companions, my friends, my sweethearts." Not the best condition of things for a man prone to hypochondria, and with faculties of the most various kind crying out for active occupation. It seems, indeed, to have given a shade of asperity to the sketches with which at this time he filled his diary of the Royal and other personages with whom he was brought into contact. Many of these are far from flattering. But there can be no question as to the artistic subtlety of touch which they display. Little, no doubt, did the distinguished objects of some of his sketches dream with what often uncomplimentary accuracy their mental and physical features were being photographed by the luminous brown eyes of the somewhat reserved doctor of the princely household. Here is the Grand Duke Nicholas, the future Czar, then only twenty, as he appeared at Claremont in November, 1816, sketched from the opposite side of the dinner-table, where he sat between the Princess Charlotte and the Duchess of York:—

"He is an extraordinarily handsome winning young fellow; taller than Leopold, without being thin, and straight as a pine. His face as youthful as Leopold's, the features extremely regular,

the forehead handsome and open, eyebrows finely arched, nose peculiarly handsome, mouth small and well shaped, and chin finely chiselled. . . . His deportment is animated, free from constraint and stiffness, and yet very dignified. He speaks French fluently and well, accompanying what he says with gestures not unbecoming. If everything he said was not marked by ability, it was at any rate extremely pleasant, and he seems to have a decided talent for saying pretty things to women (*Courmachen*). When he wants, in the course of conversation, to give special emphasis to any remark, he shrugs his shoulders and casts up his eyes to heaven in rather an affected way. There is an air of great self-reliance about him, but at the same time a manifest absence of pretension.

"He did not pay special attention to the Princess, who turned to address him oftener than he did to her. He ate very moderately for his age, and drank nothing but water. When the Countess Lieven played the piano after dinner he kissed her hand, which struck the English ladies as extremely odd, but decidedly desirable. Mrs. Campbell could find no end of praise for him: 'What an amiable creature! He is devilish handsome! He will be the handsomest man in Europe.' Next morning the Russians left the house. I was told that at bedtime a leathern sack, stuffed with hay, was placed in the stable for the Grand Duke by his people, and that he always slept on this. Our Englishmen pronounced this affectation."

The Mrs. Campbell, whose emphatic admiration of the Grand Duke found expression in a phrase then as common as it would now be startling in a drawing-room, was the Princess Charlotte's Bed-chamber Woman and Privy-Purse. She must have been a stirring element in the small household at Claremont, and her portrait, as drawn by Stockmar, is admirable as a piece of character-painting:—

"A little spare woman of five-and-forty, a widow, sharp and angular in every feature and movement, pretentious, because she was once young and pretty, and very intelligent, and yet not insufferably pretentious, just because she is clever. Extremely well-informed and exact, she manages the Princess's correspondence and accounts with the greatest ease, and to perfect satisfaction. In our social circle she sets herself in opposition to everything she sees and hears, and encounters whatever people either say or do with such a consistent resistance, that we are able to calculate with certainty beforehand her answers to our questions. Then, too, this spirit of contradiction so completely masters her, that it is impossible for her to remain true to a side, and consequently she is now of the Court party, now of the Ministerial, now of the Opposition, now of the popular faction, just as she happens or not to have somebody to contradict. As a rule, she is without a grain of mercy, and then

her language is cuttingly severe. Nevertheless, even she has her human days at times, on which she is acquiescent, nay, even lays down her arms—when her shaft has struck home and rankles. Some light is thrown upon a character so strange, when we hear that she has had bitter experiences of mankind, and was kept alive on brandy-and-water when ill during a seven months' voyage. This lady is at present the only regular female member of our circle, and we therefore concede to her, as the representative of her sex, a homage half spontaneous, half enforced."

The Claremont household was, in other respects, very pleasantly constituted. It consisted, besides Mrs. Campbell, of Baron Hardenbroek, the Prince's Adjutant and Equerry, Colonel Addenbrooke, and Sir Robert Gardiner. Of all these Stockmar speaks in his letters of the time with warm regard, and the last of them continued through life to be one of his most devoted friends. But what, above all, reconciled Stockmar to his position, was his attachment to the Prince and Princess—an attachment which was met by equal confidence and regard on their part—and by the delight with which he watched their happiness, and the steady development of those qualities of heart and head which promised so fair a future for themselves and for England. And, indeed, nothing can be more charming than the glimpses which Stockmar's letters and diary afford of that happy interior, and of the chief actors in it, on which the eyes of England were at that time fixed with an intensity only to be understood by those who have heard it spoken of by contemporaries. The story of the Princess's ill-treatment by her father, the sympathy with her position in relation to a mother whom she loved but could not respect, her spirited rupture of a betrothal which had been forced upon her with the Prince of Orange, rather than consent to quit the shores of England, had touched every heart. The delight was therefore universal to see her wedded to the Prince of her choice, who, although still only twenty-five, had already distinguished himself both as a soldier and a diplomatist. The unattractive person and rough and ready manners of the Prince of Orange were not forgotten in contrast with the distinguished bearing and presence of one who, as Napoleon said of him at St. Helena, was the handsomest man whom he saw at the Tuileries in 1806-7. Indeed, his manly beauty was of so high an order, that he was selected to impersonate Jupiter at the Court *Tableaux Vivants* of the Olympian Deities at Vienna

in 1814. Those who had the best means of observation spoke of him with the warmest praise: "Always calm, always self-possessed," writes Baron Hardenbroek, "he will never be overbearing in prosperity, and never without courage in misfortune. In a word, he is a man of brains and talent, and thoroughly good." So early in October, 1816, Stockmar writes of him as his "noble master, *einen menschlichen Fürsten und fürstlichen Menschen*,"—an untranslatable phrase, of especial value in the mouth of a man who had even then known enough of the princes of that epoch, to be aware by how little of the element of human-heartedness they were distinguished. Two months later he writes of him:—

"The Prince's quiet dignity, his consistency and sound sense, create astonishment even in the English, who are, as a rule, by no means prompt to recognize and admire foreigners, and the exclamations, 'He is the most amiable man I ever saw! What a complete English gentleman! He will be our hope in these dangerous times!' are to be heard on every suitable occasion."

There could have been no fitter mate for the brilliant, impulsive, wayward spirit of the Princess Charlotte, unschooled as she was by the discipline and pure example of happy family life in those habits of self-control and consideration for others, which should be the distinction of princes. Clever, well informed, bright, with warm feelings, and a disposition unspoiled even by persecutions that might well have soured even the most amiable, her sincere, affectionate nature could not fail to be moulded, under the influence of such a husband, into something as engaging and noble in the woman, as in despite, or perhaps even because, of some eccentricities of demeanour, it had been interesting in the girl. Stockmar's introduction to her took place at Oatlands three days after her marriage. It is graphically told in a letter the same day:—

"It was in Oatlands that I first saw the Sun. Baron Hardenbroek walked towards the breakfast-room, I following, when all at once he made a signal to me with his hand to stay behind; but she had seen me, and I her. 'Aha! Docteur, entrez!'"

Although he found her more beautiful than he had expected, the first impression was not favourable. This was apparently due to a volubility of speech and restlessness of manner for which he was not prepared; but that evening, he says, he liked her better. "Dress," he adds, "simple

and tasteful." Later on (8th September, 1816), he records that he never saw her in any dress that was not; and he is then writing almost in the very atmosphere of the charm:—

"The Princess in good humour, and then it costs her little trouble to please. Her dress struck me as very beautiful—dark red roses in her hair, light blue short dress, without sleeves, &c."

He had long before this become a favourite with the Princess, and she marked her partiality openly, even in the presence of guests of the highest distinction. No wonder, when one thinks of the rare union of experience, thoughtfulness, and humour, which he must have thrown into his conversation with her! Nor was she likely to be the less drawn towards him that her husband was by this time so deeply impressed by his rare qualities as to call him "the precious physician both of his soul and body." Stockmar on his side loved her too well not to watch her with a critical eye. "The Princess," he writes (25th October, 1816), "is full of movement and vivacity, amazingly sensitive, and nervously susceptible, and the feeling roused by the impression of the moment often determines both her conclusions and her conduct." He notes at the same time the amazing progress she has made, under her husband's influence, in repose and self-command, and that every day makes it more and more apparent how thoroughly good and sound she is at heart. The relations between herself and the Prince were perfect. A few days previously to the letter just quoted, Stockmar writes—

"In this house reign harmony, peace, love—all the essentials, in short, of domestic happiness. My master is the best husband in the world, and his wife has for him an amount of love which in vastness can only be likened to the English National Debt."

And ten months later (26th August, 1817)—

"The married life of this pair is a rare picture of love and fidelity. Nor does this picture ever fail to produce a deep impression on all who see it, and have a morsel of heart left within them!"

When the promise of an heir came to augment this happiness, and to gratify the yearnings of the nation, it was natural that the Prince and Princess should press upon him an appointment as one of her physicians. To most other men the personal honour would have been irresistible. Not so with Stockmar. It was never his

way to look only at one side of a question; and, in this instance, his sagacity did not fail him. Though not the Princess's physician, he had occasionally prescribed for her, but from the moment of her pregnancy he declined to take any part in her treatment. His reasons were unquestionably sound. His position must of necessity have been subordinate to that of Dr. Baillie, the Princess's physician, and the appointment of a foreigner would have been most unacceptable, not merely to the medical profession, but to the nation. Had things gone well, the credit would never have been given to him: if, on the other hand, they went amiss, on him the blame would most certainly be cast. Nor would this blame, probably, have rested on him alone. It could scarcely fail to have recoiled on the Prince himself, for having trusted to the aid of a stranger, when the whole English faculty was at his disposal. But Stockmar was no indifferent observer of the progress of affairs. A lowering system of treatment, then the fashion,* was adopted with the Princess. Satisfied that this was all wrong, Stockmar, after the first three months, spoke out fully to the Prince, and begged him to make the Princess's physicians aware of his views. These remonstrances were apparently without avail. Stockmar could do no more. Had it been otherwise, we cannot but feel that no personal consideration, no fear of violating that professional etiquette to which many a life has been sacrificed, would have held his hands. But although, as he says, he never apprehended the fearful result which ensued, his conviction as to the error in treatment was so deep, that he refused the offer made to him by anticipation, flattering as it was, that he should undertake the medical care of the Princess after her accouchement:—

"When I reflect once more upon the circumstances," he says, writing two months after the fatal issue of that event, "I feel only too vividly the greatness of the danger which I escaped. Trust me, all—ay, *all*—would now be rejoicing at my interference, which could not have been of the least avail, and the English doctors, our household companions, friends, acquaintances, the nation, the Prince himself, would find the cause of this seemingly impossible disaster in the bungling of the German doctor. And I should myself, with my hypochondriac tendency,

* At his very first meeting with Sir Richard Croft, the Queen's accoucheur, Stockmar saw the fatal weakness of his character. "A tall, spare man," is the entry in his Diary, "past the prime of life—hasty, well-meaning; seems to possess more experience than knowledge and judgment."

having given credence to the imputations of others, and been driven, by the anguish inflicted from without, from self-torture to despair."*

The authentic story of the sad catastrophe is now made public for the first time from Stockmar's Diary. At 9 P.M. on the 5th of November, 1817, after a protracted labour of 52 hours, which no artificial means were taken to abridge, the Princess gave birth to a dead male child. The mother seemed so well that the ministers and others who had been summoned left Claremont, believing that all danger was past. But, before they could have reached London, things had assumed a very different aspect:—

"At midnight Croft came to my bedside, took me by the hand, and said, 'The Princess is dangerously ill, the Prince alone—would I go to him and make him aware how matters stood?' The Prince had not left his wife one moment for three days, and, after the birth of the child, had retired to rest. I found him composed about the death of the child, and he did not seem to view the Princess's state with any apprehension. A quarter of an hour later, Baillie sent me word that he wished me to see the Princess. I hesitated, but at last went with him. She was suffering from spasms of the chest and difficulty of breathing, in great pain and very restless, and threw herself continually from one side of the bed to the other, speaking now to Baillie, now to Croft. Baillie said to her, 'Here comes an old friend of yours!' She held out her left hand to me hastily, and pressed mine warmly twice. I felt the pulse; it was going very fast,—the beats now strong, now feeble, now intermittent. Baillie kept plying her with wine. She said to me, 'They have made me tipsy.' After this I went in and out of the room twice in about a quarter of an hour, and then the breathing became stertorous. I had just gone out of the room, when she called out vehemently, 'Stocky, Stocky!' I returned, she was quieter; the death-rattle continued, she turned several times upon her face, drew up her legs, the hands grew cold, and about 2 A.M. of the 6th November, 1817, some five hours after her delivery, she was no more."

* Sir Richard Croft was so driven, and shot himself at a patient's house in February, 1818. "I never knew anything more horrible than the death of poor Croft," says Sydney Smith, writing to Lady Mary Bennett at the time. "What misery the poor fellow must have suffered between the Princess's death and his own!" On the 7th November previous, the day after the Princess's death, Croft had written to Stockmar, whose warnings must then have recurred to him with a terrible pang. "My mind is just now in a pitiable state. God grant that neither yourself, nor any one that is dear to you, should ever have to suffer what I experience at this moment!" Surely Dr. Baillie was not less to blame than Croft, especially as the error seems to have been one of treatment previous to as well as at the actual accouchement.

On Stockmar devolved the task of announcing her death to the Prince:—

"I did it," he says, "in not very definite terms. He felt convinced she was still not dead, and on his way to her he fell into a chair. I knelt beside him. He thought it was all a dream; he could not believe it. He sent me again to her to see. I came back, and told him all was over. He now went to the chamber of death. Kneeling down by the bed, he kissed the cold hands, then raising himself up, he pressed me to him and said, 'I am now utterly forlorn; promise you will stay with me always!' I gave him the promise. Immediately afterwards he asked me again, 'Was I fully aware of what I had promised?' I said yes; I would never forsake him, so long as I felt assured he had confidence in me, and loved me, and that I could be useful to him."

The pledge asked and given in that terrible hour was splendidly redeemed on the one side, while its conditions were most loyally fulfilled on the other. "I had no hesitation," writes Stockmar to his sister a few days afterwards, "in giving a promise, upon which the Prince may perhaps set a value all his life, or may desire to dispense with the very next year." All doubt on that point was, however, soon at an end. Little, probably, had the Prince imagined, when calling Stockmar "the physician of his soul as well as body" some months before, how deep a truth lay in his words. By his own avowal, years afterwards, he would probably have sunk under his bereavement, but for the support of Stockmar's wise sympathy and friendship.* It was in truth a noble friendship on both sides, cemented by the tears which only such men weep for an affliction that, in King Leopold's own words in 1832 ("Reminiscences," in Appendix to General Grey's "Early Years of the Prince Consort," p. 389), "destroyed at one blow his every hope," and took from life a sense of happiness which he never recovered. The shock to Stockmar himself was great, but the necessity of thinking for the greater sufferer acted upon him as a tonic both moral and physical. All he saw of the Prince deepened his affection and respect. "The favour of princes," he writes some weeks afterwards, "is, generally speaking, not worth a rush; but he is in every respect an upright, good man, and consequently an incomparable Prince." Leo-

pold, in the end of November, gives him some of his letters to the Princess before their marriage to read, in which Stockmar finds that the Prince "figures with singular highmindedness, prudence, and goodness." Again, on the 21st December, Stockmar writes, "He is good, every day better; he turns all his misery to good. His calamity has made him shy of hoping much from the future; but that his soul will thrive, of that I can be sworn. It wants a great deal of heart to love him as he deserves."

More than forty years afterwards, reading over the letter to his sister above quoted, in which he records his promise to the Prince, he comes upon these words—"I seem to exist rather to take thought for others than for myself, and with this destiny I am quite content." The words struck the old man, and they might well do so, as prophetic of his future. But the comment of a man so independent, and so austere in his estimate of character and conduct, is such a tribute as it has not often been the lot of kings to earn.—"Forty long years could in no way abate the sentiment which the Prince's disaster then led me to express."

After the Princess Charlotte's death Stockmar ceased to act as the Prince's physician, and became his Private Secretary and the Controller of his household. In this capacity his range of varied practical gifts had a freer scope. He gave early proof of his sagacity by persuading the Prince to remain in England, instead of going to the Continent for change of scene, as he was urged by his relatives and friends to do. The whole country was plunged in grief, and Stockmar rightly urged that good feeling and gratitude for the confidence and sympathy of the nation demanded that the Prince should remain to mourn with it in England. Moreover, although England no longer presented a field for his active ambition, to England the Prince was indebted for both fortune and position; and nowhere else could he either have enjoyed the same consideration or been so well placed for availing himself of any turn of events which might open a worthy career for a man still so young and of abilities so distinguished.

From this time till 1831 Stockmar resided with Prince Leopold in England: a residence only broken by journeys with the Prince to Italy, France, and Germany, and an occasional stay in Coburg. Stockmar married his cousin, Fanny Sommer, there in 1821, and established a home for his wife and children; but he was sometimes un-

* "Il a été témoin des jours de mon bonheur; plus tard, quand il a pu à la Providence de m'accabler de malheurs, que je n'avais presque la force de supporter, il a été mon fidèle soutien et ami."—Letter by the Prince in 1824, introducing Stockmar to an eminent statesman.

able to visit it for years, and, until his seventieth year, he did so only at irregular intervals. "No small sacrifice," says his son, "for a man of his warm feelings and strong domestic instinct." The Prince's position in England was by no means an easy one, but he maintained it with unabated popularity to the last. For much of this he seems to have been indebted to Stockmar.

"The prudent, genial liberality with which he kept house," says Meyer, in the "Memoir" from which we have already quoted, "the fine tact with which he took up and kept a position outside of party, his well-measured attitude in his twofold character of German Prince and handsomely-endowed widower of the King's daughter, would scarcely have been maintained so well without the counsel and assistance of his new Secretary and Controller of the Household."

During these years of comparative quiet Stockmar had the best opportunities for observing all that was passing in Europe, both at home and abroad. Of England and its Constitution he made a special study. As the one Constitutional Monarchy of the world, it had a peculiar interest for a man of his strong liberal opinions. No man understood better the character and temper of the people, or foresaw more clearly the critical changes which were impending. For him, too, as well as for Prince Leopold, a special interest had arisen in the future of the country and its rulers, through the marriage of Leopold's sister, the Princess of Leiningen, in May, 1818, with the Duke of Kent, and the birth of the Princess Victoria in the following May. The Duke's death in January, 1820, in circumstances of pecuniary embarrassment, threw upon the Prince the care of the future heiress to the throne. The happiest days of her childhood, Her Majesty has told us ("Early Years," p. 392), were spent with him at Claremont; and she has recorded, on his monument in St. George's Chapel, that to her he had been as a father through life. Knowing what we now know of the character of the men, we see how natural it was that the Prince and his far-seeing friend should spare no pains to realize, through the Princess so singularly thrown upon their care, such a future for the people and monarchy of England, as before the catastrophe of 1817 they may have dreamed of effecting upon the succession of the Princess Charlotte to the throne. Such a task was especially fitted to the genius of Stockmar, and his passion for working for the good of others. And at a later period we shall see how zealous-

ly he seconded the efforts of his Prince towards this noble end.

The resolution of the Great European Powers, in 1829, to create a kingdom of Greece, broke the long period of political and personal inactivity to which Prince Leopold had been condemned, and which could not be otherwise than irksome to a man of his energy and ambition. The prospect of occupying its throne, while appealing not only to his scholarly enthusiasm, but also to a romantic element in his character which the calm and undemonstrative bearing of the man, as he was known to the outside world, by no means prepared us to expect, seemed to offer such opportunities for making a name in history that the Prince grasped at it with an eagerness of which his wise friend and secretary did not approve. This led him, contrary to Stockmar's advice, to commit the imprudence of accepting the tender of the crown, without having previously settled the terms, both as to territory and finance, which on closer inquiry he found to be indispensable thoroughly to establish its independence, and to rescue the affairs of the country from internal confusion. The decision ultimately came to by the Prince, to withdraw from his promise when he found these terms could not be obtained, was, as events have proved, a wise one; but it exposed him at the time to much obloquy and misrepresentation, giving, as it unquestionably did, a semblance of truth to the charges of vacillation and irresolution which those who had intrigued against his candidature were active in bringing forward. Nor did the charges stop here. His conduct, according to the Russian Ambassador, Matuszewicz, showed so much sinister design, so much bad faith, that he is delighted not to see upon the throne a man who would have betrayed the confidence of the Powers to whom he owed it.

"What say you," writes von Stein, "to the behaviour of Prince Leopold?—it is quite in character with the Marquis *Peu-à-peu*, as George IV. called him. Instead of surmounting the difficulties—instead of completing the task he had begun—he withdraws his hand cravenlike from the plough, calculating on the contingences likely to arise upon the death, which cannot be distant, of King George IV. A man of this flaccid character is wholly unfit to grapple vigorously with life: he has no colour."

All this, of course, was the mere idle conjecture of those supersubtle diplomats who think it a libel on their sagacity to accept a simple and straightforward reason for a course of action, so long as a re-

mote and mysterious one can be devised. The absurdity of the supposition that the decision of the Prince was influenced by hopes of the English Regency is so outrageous that it can now only provoke a smile. The fact is, the Prince would have made almost any sacrifice for such a throne, could he have seen any prospect before him but failure under the conditions attached to its acceptance. For not only did his ultimate resolution cost him intense pain at the time, but long afterwards, when all the difficulties had been overcome which attended the establishment of the Belgian monarchy, and when he was generally looked upon as of all kings the most to be envied, he was haunted by regrets that his dream in connexion with the land of Homer and Sophocles, of Pericles and Plato, had not been realized. Greece to the last had a charm for his imagination, in the face of which the sober tints of Belgian life and of a Belgian sky looked cold and unattractive. Stockmar, with a wiser appreciation, lent no countenance to these wistful yearnings of a spirit in which the toil and trammels of a monotonous, though busy and successful, life had been unable to quench the fire of romance.

"As for the poetry," he wrote in reply to some such expression of feeling, "which Greece would have afforded, I set small store by it. Mortals only see the bad side of what they have, and the good side of what they have not. Herein lies the whole difference between Greece and Belgium;" adding, with characteristic humour, "although it is not to be denied that when, after a host of vexations, the first Greek King shall have succumbed, his life may possibly furnish the poet with a splendid subject for an epic poem."

To think that Stockmar had no sympathy with the poetical side of this or any similar question would be to do him wrong; but his imagination, like that of all thoroughly able men, "had its seat in reason, and was judicious." Day-dreams have their value at holiday seasons; but where men and states are in question, especially men in a state of excitement, and states in the crisis of formation, the duty of imagination is not to revel in ideal visions, but, looking at facts as they are, to anticipate all possible combinations, and to provide against all possible contingencies. When, therefore, the Belgians, after the revolution of 1830, offered to Prince Leopold the sceptre of the kingdom, which their leaders had determined to establish, he was not likely, with the experience he had gained, and with Stockmar at his side, to fall again

into the mistake of a too hasty acceptance. No urgency could induce him to reply to the proposals of the Belgian Congress, until they had ratified the Articles known as the Eighteen Articles, which had been agreed on by the London Conference of the European Powers. It appears that even then he had grave misgivings, fearing that the new Belgian Constitution, from its extremely democratic character, would not work. He referred the matter to Stockmar. The manner in which the Baron dealt with the question is too remarkable not to be told in his own words, as reported by Professor Neumann, of Munich. The conversation during dinner, one day at the Professor's house in 1845, had turned upon Louis Philippe's Government, and the unscrupulous game of his advisers — how they falsified the Constitution, and were likely to hurry on a fresh revolution: —

"I have confidence in peoples as a mass," said Stockmar; "they feel to the very core, if not at once, at least after a time, who deals honourably by them, and who tries to beguile them with mere shams. I hold by our old-fashioned German proverb, '*Ehrlich währt am längsten*,' or, as the English say 'Honesty is the best policy.' This was the key-note of everything I said when the King desired to have my opinion about anything. I will give you an instance.

"After a careful study of the Belgian Constitution, my master doubted whether, with such laws, a State could be governed, and liberty and order, the two inseparable conditions of a civilized community, could be maintained. 'Dear Stockmar,' he said, 'pray read over the Constitution, and tell me your opinion.' I went through the new fundamental law with great attention, compared the different articles one with another, and found that, in point of fact, the power of the Government is very greatly restricted. But my firm reliance on the people carried me through. 'True,' — it was in something like these terms that I addressed my intelligent master — 'perfectly true; the power of the King and his Ministers is very greatly limited by this Constitution. Make the experiment whether all this liberty is compatible with order; make the experiment of governing in the spirit of this Constitution, and do this in a thoroughly conscientious spirit. If you then find that with such a basis good government is impossible, send, after a time, a message to the Chambers, frankly stating your experiences, and indicating the defects of the Constitution. If you have really acted up to the best of your knowledge and convictions, the people will assuredly stand by you, and willingly concur in all the changes which are demonstrably necessary.'

"King Leopold followed my advice. You

know, Herr Professor, that no serious inconveniences have resulted, and that in many respects Belgium stands out as a model among European States."—P. 165.

Here we see the courage and the faith of a man made to grapple with practical difficulties, who knows when prudence is a mistake, and when it is true wisdom to run even a great risk for a great end. This quality of Stockmar's mind was put to the proof in the critical events and difficult negotiations of the next three years. He accompanied the King to Brussels in July, 1831, where his immediate duty was the organization of the royal establishment. Neither then, however, nor at any future time, did he accept any official appointment in Belgium, but was attached only to the King as a private adviser and friend. Having been a member of Leopold's English establishment, provision very properly was made for him by one of the few pensions of a similar character which continued to be paid out of the provision of 50,000*l.* settled on the Prince upon his marriage. When he became King of the Belgians, Leopold placed this provision at the disposal of the English Government, subject to certain conditions as to the maintenance of Claremont, and the payment of his English debts and pensions, in a letter drafted by Stockmar, which silenced by anticipation the clamours of the Dikes of the period, who were thus deprived of the opportunity, for which they were lying in wait, to make capital for themselves out of the anomaly of a foreign king receiving an income from the English Exchequer. The arrangement of this transaction, which was full of difficulty, was carried through by Stockmar's tact and firmness with entire success. Reasonable as the King's stipulations were, there were not wanting cavillers, headed by a certain Sir Samuel Whalley, a retired mad-doctor, who tried to get up a Parliamentary inquiry on the subject:—

"The case seems to me as clear as day," Lord Palmerston wrote to Stockmar in 1834, in reference to Whalley's notice of motion, "and, without meaning to question the omnipotence of Parliament, which, it is well known, can do anything but turn men into women, or women into men, I must and shall assert that the House of Commons has no more right to inquire into the details of these debts and engagements, which the King of the Belgians considers himself bound to satisfy before he begins to make his payments into the Exchequer, than they have to ask Sir Samuel Whalley how he disposed of the fees which his mad patients used to pay him before he began to practice upon the foolish

constituents who have sent him to Parliament. There can be no doubt, whatever, that we must positively resist any such inquiry; and I am very much mistaken in my estimate of the present House of Commons if a large majority do not concur in scouting so untenable a proposition."

The Whalley of that period no doubt got wind of what he had to expect, and, having some grains of discretion, allowed his motion to drop.

Stockmar's presence in London on this affair, between 1831 and 1834, as the King's confidential agent, enabled him to be of the utmost service in clearing away the numerous difficulties which had to be overcome before the guarantee of the independence of Belgium by the five great Powers was finally secured.* The position was one of extreme difficulty. On the one hand, Belgium, although it had been signally defeated in the field by Holland, and driven to shelter itself behind the bayonets of the French, clung obstinately to certain conditions, which, on the other hand, Holland, backed by the intrigues of Talleyrand, and availing itself of the jealousies of France entertained by England and the northern Powers, was equally pertinacious in resisting. To overcome the mutual distrust of the Five Powers, and the obstinacy of the two chief parties, was a problem which tasked all the ability of the distinguished men in whose hands the official negotiations on the side of Belgium rested. Stockmar's unofficial intervention, through his personal relations with the representatives of the different governments, was carried on, not only without wounding the susceptibilities of General Goblet and M. Van de Weyer, but with their entire concurrence. They knew too well his value in council and in negotiation, not to avail themselves gladly of his assistance; and their relations with him were, we believe, those of the most complete confidence and the warmest mutual esteem. It was his special business, moreover, to strengthen the courage of the King under the discouragements and difficulties which tried the firmness and patience of Leopold to the uttermost. Thus, on the 10th September, 1831, he writes in these terms:—

"Meanwhile I call upon your Majesty for only this much:—

- "1. Never to lose heart.
- "2. Never to relax in activity, on which your enemies base their hopes!"

* See on this subject, Lord Dalling's "Life of Lord Palmerston," vol. ii. p. 23, note.

He was, no doubt, familiar with the old charge, that the King's character was "flaccid" — that he had no colour.

"3. Not to forget the *civil* organization in the *military*. The nation must see that, in the very thick of the storm, the concerns of peace are being pushed on. That hopes for peace should be kept alive, even though they should come to nothing in the end, is of the utmost importance."
—P. 186.

When at length the London Conference had arrived at a fresh basis of settlement, known as the "Twenty-four Articles," some of these, as to the limits of territory, and the amount of National Debt to be charged on Belgium, were rejected by that country as too favourable to Holland, and fresh difficulties arose of a character so serious, that the King seems even to have meditated abdication. Here the admirable clear-sightedness and courage of Stockmar proved themselves equal to the emergency. In a letter of the 10th October, 1831, to the King, urging upon him the acceptance of these Articles unconditionally, after pointing out that the difference between the demands of Belgium and those conceded by the Conference is not so important as to affect in any way the welfare of the kingdom, he proceeds: —

"The true welfare of Belgium depends at this moment on a speedy peace, the establishment of a good administration, the annihilation of parties at home, all which are especially secured by the prompt recognition of the independence of Belgium by the whole of Europe. . . . Abdication? For Belgium itself this would not be productive of the smallest advantage, but rather of extreme mischief. It would either lead to a general war, with a Restoration as its consequence, or to the union with France, or possibly to the partition of the country. To the King, moreover, resignation would bring no one real advantage, though irritated feeling may point to a different conclusion. At the most, the King may lose ground for a time by his acceptance of the Twenty-four Articles; that is, he may be less popular for a short time with the unreasoning, inconstant multitude. For this there is a sovereign remedy. Let him prove himself upright, firm, energetic, a king of brains, and we shall see whether, in a very short time, he is not again the most popular monarch in Europe. On the other hand, abdication would ruin him in the eyes of Europe. He would appear weak, inconstant, short-sighted, incompetent for the task he had undertaken. *The King went to Belgium to secure peace for Europe, and to vindicate there the cause of Constitutional Monarchy. That is the mission, which he has pledged himself to Europe, to the Powers, to Belgium, to fulfil.*

That there are difficulties to contend with is no reason for throwing down his arms. The King's task is a fine one, let him show himself worthy of it.

"Let him not lose a moment in forcing his ministers to an explanation, whether they will remain, if he accepts the Twenty-four Articles. If they will not, let him form a new ministry on the spot."

The armistice between Holland and Belgium was on the point of expiring; the decision of the Conference, Stockmar had assured himself, was final; and every other consideration, he felt, was comparatively unimportant, when the independence, if not the very existence, of the new kingdom was at stake. The Twenty-four Articles abridged, in not unimportant particulars, the territory secured to Belgium by the Eighteen Articles; and Leopold, on ascending the throne, had sworn to maintain the integrity of the kingdom as thereby defined. His acceptance of the Twenty-four Articles, therefore, involved a point of honour. Stockmar, however, had this fully in view; and he was able to relieve the scruples of the King by conveying to him the decided opinion of Earl Grey, — than whom, as Leopold well knew, no one had a nicer sense of what was right in such matters, — that this was not a difficulty which should cause a moment's hesitation. No time was to be lost, and Stockmar followed his letter to Brussels to enforce his views in person. The result is well known. The King resolved to follow his advice, as above given, to the letter. On the 1st November, the Twenty-four Articles were adopted by the Chamber of Representatives; and on the 15th, the treaty, based upon them, which secured the neutrality and independence of the country, was signed in London on behalf of Belgium by M. Van de Weyer. The decision thus come to was probably not uninfluenced by the knowledge that, in a different event, the King had determined to appeal to the country, "and to abdicate, if the new Chamber persisted in the negative vote." *

Much had yet to be done, and numberless diplomatic difficulties to be surmounted, before the new kingdom could be said to be fairly established under the guarantee of the Five Powers. At every stage Stockmar lent his active aid — in counsel and in negotiation; and so essential was his continuous presence felt to be in London and at Brussels, that from 1831 to

* Juste's "Memoirs of Leopold I.," vol. i. p. 197. English edition.

1834 he was unable even to visit his home at Coburg. In the May of the latter year, however, things were so far settled that he felt himself free to seek the repose which the state of his health, shaken by the anxieties and fatigues of the three previous years, greatly needed. But from his quiet Thuringian retreat he continued to watch with wakeful eyes the progress of events in Europe, and he was kept, by his voluminous correspondence with the King of the Belgians and others, fully posted up in all the political movements and their secret history.

In 1836 his active services were called into play, in conducting the negotiations for the marriage of Queen Donna Maria of Portugal with Prince Ferdinand, the son of the younger brother of the then reigning Duke of Coburg. Intrigues were already on foot to secure the Queen's hand for the Duke de Nemours. These came to nothing, thanks to the firm attitude of the English Cabinet; a defeat which was probably not forgotten, when Louis Philippe, to his own ultimate ruin, carried through without scruple his wretched scheme of the Spanish marriages. One of Stockmar's difficulties was the young man's father, who, not liking the precarious aspect of things in Portugal, wished to stipulate for an English guarantee of his son's provisions under the Marriage Treaty. Stockmar had to tell him in plain language, that this was out of the question, and to remind him of the adage, "Nothing venture, nothing have;" which he was just the man to do with an energy that admitted of no reply.

But the time had now come for Stockmar's entrance on a more serious task. The Princess Victoria was approaching 18, her legal majority, and in the ordinary course of events the succession to the throne could scarcely fail to open to her before many years. The unremitting affection with which the young Princess had hitherto been watched over by her uncle was now animated by the twofold duty of fitting her for the brilliant but difficult position in which she might soon be placed, and at the same time securing her happiness by marriage with a prince whose abilities and moral strength might safely be relied on in every emergency. No one could know so well as Leopold how pre-eminently qualified his bosom friend and adviser Stockmar was for the first of these duties; for had he not himself, under his guidance, come to be recognized as a pattern of Constitutional monarchs? The Princess had, moreover,

known Stockmar from childhood, and the prospect of such a counsellor, when presented to her by her uncle early in 1836, was naturally welcomed with a feeling of delight. The arrangement was that he should come to England in May, 1837, in which month the Princess would reach majority, so as to be near her as a confidential adviser and assistant. But in the mean time Leopold had taken earnest counsel with his friend as to the future husband of his niece. It is now well known* that her cousin Prince Albert, had been from childhood designated in his own family for this honour. The King had, therefore, kept an anxious watch upon his nephew's boyhood and youth, and the result, to use his own language,† was the conviction that her union with him would be, of all others, the best for her happiness. Stockmar had seen less of the Prince, and it appears from his letters in this volume that he was too deeply conscious of the greatness of the stake to accept even Leopold's opinion on this subject:—

"Albert," he writes in 1836, "is a fine young fellow, well grown for his age, with agreeable and valuable qualities; and who, if things go well, may in a few years turn out a strong, handsome man, of a kindly, simple, yet dignified bearing. Externally, therefore, he possesses all that pleases the sex, and at all times and in all countries must please. It may prove, too, a lucky circumstance, that even now he has something of an English look.

"But now the question is, How as to his mind? On this point, too, one hears much to his credit. But these judgments are all more or less partial, and until I have observed him longer, I can form no judgment as to his capacity and the probable development of his character. He is said to be circumspect, discreet, and even now cautious. But all this is not enough. He ought to have not merely great ability, but a right ambition, and great force of will as well. To pursue a political career so arduous for a lifetime demands more than energy and inclination—it demands also that earnest frame of mind which is ready of its own accord to sacrifice mere pleasure to real usefulness. If he is not satisfied hereafter with the consciousness of having achieved one of the most influential positions in Europe, how often will he feel tempted to repent what he has undertaken? If he does not from the very outset accept it as a vocation of grave responsibility, on the efficient fulfilment of which his honour and happiness depend, there is small likelihood of his succeeding."

"Who," he adds, "should know more

* "Early Years," pp. 17, 84, and 213.

† Letter to the Queen of 24th Oct. 1849. "Early Years," p. 231.

than myself of the mystery of such a career, who has thought over it so much, or had such experience of it?" Well might he say so. It must have engaged his thoughts from the hour when he first set foot in England, with a view to the position and duties of Prince Leopold as Consort of a future English Queen. It must have cost him long meditation with reference to the Princess, who had played about his knees, undreaming of the great future which was opened to her by the event which overthrew her uncle's hopes. And all its difficulties, and all the high qualities of mind and heart by which alone they could be met, must have been brought home to him, as to no other man, by the experience he had gathered in connexion with the creation of the Belgian kingdom, as well as by what he foresaw of the rapid growth of democratic tendencies in England. Till, therefore, he had full means of observing the Prince's character he declined to commit himself. If his scrutiny proved satisfactory, his opinion was that the very first thing to be done was to lay all the difficulties of the undertaking fully before the Prince. If he did not take fright at these, then two essential considerations came immediately into play. "I. The Prince must be educated for his future career according to a careful plan, consistently carried out, with constant reference to the special country and people. II. Before appearing as a suitor, the liking of the Princess must be secured, and upon this liking, and this alone, the suit itself must be based."

With his usual thoroughness, Stockmar at once grappled with the question of the place where the education of the future Consort of an English Queen could best be conducted. Coburg would never do. Able tutors might not be wanting there; but what chance had the Prince of learning what men are, or how to cope with them, at a small Court, where frank intercourse with other men on equal terms was impossible? Berlin, Vienna, the German Universities, were all undesirable. Berlin? "The thing of primary importance, a just view of the present state of Europe, would scarcely be acquired there." The Prince would hear everything there about politics, except the truth. Socially, too, the Berlin tone was formal and priggish, and for princes, at least, not to be commended. All that could be learned there would be the arts of administration and war, but whatever was essential in these directions could be learned elsewhere. Besides, profligacy in Berlin was epidemic, and to keep

young men out of harm's way in this respect was harder there than in any other place. Vienna? That was no school for a German Prince. The Universities? Their training was too one-sided and theoretical for a prince whose vocation would be to deal practically with men and things on a great scale. Brussels seemed to Stockmar to combine the most favourable conditions. The Prince would be there under the eye and influence of his uncle, who was living in the full stream of European politics, and working out the problem of Constitutional Government, where it had been hitherto unknown; and, whether the English plan was brought to bear or not, the Prince would be far more likely to profit by the study of politics in the free and stirring arena of a Constitutional kingdom, than in one where the whole machine of government was propelled from a monarchical centre. The advice was followed, and accordingly the Prince spent ten months in 1836-7 with his brother in Brussels.

Before going there the young men had, along with their father, visited the Duchess of Kent at Kensington Palace. Already there were numerous suitors in the field for the Princess's hand. The time for introduction Stockmar therefore conceived had arrived, "but," he writes (p. 314), "it must be made a *sine quâ non*, that the object of the visit be kept secret from both the Prince and Princess, so as to leave them completely at their ease." The desired impression was produced upon the Princess. Having ascertained this, King Leopold lost no time in making her aware of what was contemplated, and we have her Majesty's assurance, that from that moment she never entertained the thought of any other marriage.* It was not until March, 1838, however, that the King communicated to the Prince what was proposed,† putting, as Stockmar had sug-

* What does Baron Ernst Stockmar mean by saying (p. 330) that the Queen tells us in the "Early Years" she had never quite given up the idea of this marriage, when Her Majesty's assurance that she never dreamed of giving it up is absolute? In the very next sentence the Baron informs us that the Queen, in the beginning of 1838, entrusted Stockmar with the duty of accompanying the Prince on his travels, with the express view of assisting in the completion of his education. Her Majesty may have hesitated as to the time for the marriage, and the remarkable outburst of contrition on this subject in the "Early Years" (p. 220) is not likely to be forgotten; but surely this fact is in itself a tolerably conclusive demonstration that the hesitation extended no farther, although no pledge had been given, and no communication on the subject had passed between herself and the Prince.

† "Early Years," p. 217.

gested, the whole difficulties of the position fully before him.

Meanwhile, in pursuance of the arrangement of the previous year, Stockmar arrived in England on the 25th of May, 1836, the day after the Princess attained majority. William IV. had been in a critical state since the 20th of that month, and on the 20th of June he died. At this important juncture the counsel and help of an adviser so wise and experienced could not be otherwise than most precious.* The outside world, always jealous of any influence near the throne, became, of course, busy with insinuations as to the mysterious presence in the Palace of this foreign agent of a foreign King. That he was doing work from the highest and most unselfish motives, for which the nation's gratitude was really due, was not likely to enter into the imagination of the Quidnuncs of the club-houses, or the Sneerwells of political circles. Lord Melbourne and Palmerston, the Premier and Foreign Minister, had long known him, and appreciated the services which he was especially fitted to render to the young Queen. The former spoke of him to the Queen, as not only "a good man, but one of the cleverest he had ever met," and Lord Palmerston, in conversation with Bunsen many years afterwards, cited him as the "only absolutely disinterested man he had come across in his life." His influence, they were well aware, could only be for good; but Lord Melbourne,—Pocourante, as Stockmar aptly named him—did not, it appears, much like the trouble of having to explain the true state of matters to captious members of his party, who taxed him with being too much under the influence of the Belgian King and his former Secretary. Things even went so far, that the Speaker, Mr. Abercromby, threatened to bring what he called Stockmar's unconstitutional position before the House. "Tell him," was Stockmar's observation, "to move in Parliament against me if he likes: I shall know how to defend myself." On second thoughts, Mr. Abercromby happily dropped the subject, the agitation of which, in that period of strong party passion, could not have been otherwise than most inconvenient. Stockmar's constant aim at this time,—and this was not the only point in which Lord

Melbourne and himself could not agree—was to enforce the obvious but hitherto much neglected doctrine, which had been acted on by Leopold in Belgium with marked success,—that the monarch belongs to the nation, and must never be made use of for the purposes of party. What he saw of the conduct of the Whigs in this respect, at that time and subsequently, was a source of deep vexation to him, ominous as he knew it to be, had it lasted, of most mischievous consequences.

In December, 1838, Stockmar accompanied Prince Albert to Italy, and remained with him there till May of the following year, when he left him at Milan and returned to Coburg. In a memorandum quoted by his son (p. 331) the results of his observation of the Prince during this time are given. Read by the light of what the Prince subsequently became, it possesses a singular interest. The old physician's eye detected a weakness of constitution, which made him shrink from any sustained effort either physical or mental. "His constitution cannot be called strong. After any exertion he is apt to look for a time pale and exhausted." It was, no doubt, his knowledge of this constitutional weakness which led Stockmar to say, with prophetic truth, in 1844, to the distinguished author of the paper on the "Early Years" in this Review,* "If ever the Prince falls sick of a low fever, you will lose him." With this physical drawback to contend against, the manner in which the Prince overcame the mental habits to which Stockmar next draws attention, and which must have been in a great degree due to constitutional delicacy, is most remarkable:—

"Full of the best intentions and the noblest resolutions, he often falls short in giving them effect. His judgment in many things is beyond his years; but hitherto, at least, he shows not the slightest interest in politics. Even while the most important occurrences are in progress, and their issues undecided, he does not care to look into a newspaper."

Stockmar's apprehension plainly was, that there was a want of thoroughness in the Prince's character, as well as distaste for political affairs. Nor can we doubt that what he had seen then and observed for some time afterwards justified the apprehension, and made him press upon the Prince the necessity for such a discipline of his tastes and habits as was calculated to overcome every defect of natural in-

* Stockmar, in accordance with a rule he had long before laid down for himself, would accept of no appointment; although he lent his active assistance to the young Queen as her Secretary, when the duties of that office could not be performed by Lord Melbourne.

* See "Quarterly Review" for October, 1867.

elination. How he triumphed, how soon the Prince became remarkable for thoroughness in everything he touched, for an activity that shrank from no fatigue, and for a mastery of political questions unusual even with veteran statesmen, needs not now to be told.

The strides made by the Prince in mastering the tendencies which his Mentor dreaded were rapid. So early as December, 1839, Stockmar writes to the Baroness Lehzen — "the more I see of him, the more I love and esteem him. His intellect is so sound and clear, his nature so unspoiled, so child-like, so predisposed to goodness as well as truth, that time and intercourse with Englishmen of experience, culture, and integrity are alone wanting to make him truly distinguished." He had soon the satisfaction of seeing the admirable qualities of his pupil, — his fine judgment, tact, and moderation, — coming more and more to the surface under the difficulties, and there were many, of his new position. Much had to be smoothed within the Palace, and the hostility of political parties outside had also to be reconciled. Here Stockmar's experience and influence with the leaders on both sides were applied with the best results, and, among other things, it was chiefly due to his intervention with Wellington and Peel that the Bill vesting the Regency in the Prince passed with only the dissentient voice of the Duke of Sussex, although a formidable opposition by the Tories on one hand and the Ultra-Liberals on the other, fomented by some of the Royal Dukes, was at one time seriously apprehended.

The birth of the Princess Royal in November, 1840, found Stockmar again an inmate of the Palace, after a short visit to his home. The nursery department had to be organized, and in this his medical skill and forethought were called actively into play, and continued to be exercised for many years. "The nursery costs me as much trouble," he says in a letter, "as the government of a kingdom could do." It was the same at a later period with the education of the Royal children. In everything it was the habit of Stockmar's mind to look far ahead, — a course in which he was closely followed by the Prince Consort. Questions of importance were fully discussed long before they became pressing, and principles of action adopted, which it was henceforth easy to pursue to a definite end. A glimpse is given of his masterly and exhaustive manner, in an extract quoted in this volume from a plan

which he drew up so early as the beginning of 1842 for the education of the Prince of Wales and the Princess Royal. But dealing as this extract does with merely general principles, it gives only a partial view of the writer's power, which was not less remarkably shown in his breadth of view than in the skill with which this was worked out into practical details. The Queen has placed upon record her gratitude for this portion of his services in the "Early Years" (p. 188), where Her Majesty says she "can never forget the assistance given by the Baron to the young couple in regulating their movements and general mode of life, and in directing the education of their children."

Every day drew closer the ties which bound the Baron to the Royal household. "The Prince," he writes in October, 1841, "waxes apace morally and politically; I can truly say, he is dear to me as a son, and he deserves to be so." Again, on his return to England in April, 1843, from a winter's residence in Coburg, "the Prince is well and happy, though he frequently looks pale, worried, and weary. He is rapidly showing what is in him. He has within him a practical talent which enables him to seize at a glance the essential points of a question, like the vulture that pounces on its prey and hurries off with it to its nest." After this we hear no more of any misgivings as to lack of perseverance, or of interest in politics. A letter in 1847 shows us into what ten years of conscientious self-conquest and severe discipline had changed the youth from what his "guide, philosopher, and friend" had found him in 1836: —

"The Prince has made great strides of late. He has obviously a head for politics, before whose perspicacity even prejudices quickly give way, which spring from education or want of experience. Place weighty reasons before him and at once he takes a rational and just view, be the subject what it may. He has also gained much in self-reliance. His natural vivacity leads him at times to jump too rapidly to a conclusion, and he occasionally acts too hastily, but he has grown too clear-sighted to commit any great mistakes. He will now and then run against a post and bruise his shins. But a man cannot be an experienced soldier without having been in battle and getting a few knocks; and, being what he is, small wounds, while they make him cautious, will give him confidence in himself. That in these days of political discord with France he should make great political mistakes is not probable, for he is thoroughly dispassionate, and he has so keen and sure an eye, that he is not likely to lose his way and get into

trouble. His mind becomes every day more active, and he devotes the greater part of his time to business without a murmur."—P. 466.

Not less interesting is what he says of the Queen in the same letter:—

"The Queen also improves greatly. She makes daily advances in discernment and in experience; the candour, the love of truth, the fairness, the considerateness, with which she judges men and things, are truly delightful, and the ingenuous self-knowledge with which she speaks about herself is amiable to a degree."

For some time before these words were written, Stockmar had become satisfied that events were impending which might alter the face of Europe. "I foresee," he says in the same letter, "great revolutions." On the 3rd of April in the same year, he had written to Bunsen; "I am more and more convinced we are on the eve of a great political crisis."

"Das Alte stürzt; es ändert sich die Zeit,
Und neues Leben blüht aus den Ruinen."*

The events of 1848 soon came to prove the justice of this forecast. They also brought Stockmar directly for the first time into the public ranks of political life. When the storm of February burst, he was in Germany, and he threw himself with all his energy into the heart of the movement there, in the hope of advancing his long cherished vision of a united Germany. He appeared at the Diet as the accredited representative of Coburg, and he had even agreed to accept, upon certain conditions, the office of Foreign Minister. "That would be a happy choice indeed," said Lord Palmerston, when told of this by Bunsen. "He is one of the best political heads I have ever met with."

Into all the tedious futilities of the then Teutonic upheaval this is no place to enter. Suffice it to say, two points were from the first clear to Stockmar, viz., that union under Prussia was the end to be aimed at, and that this result was not to be reached by peaceful means, but only through a war which should shut out Austria from further intervention in the affairs of Germany, and also extinguish the opposition of the smaller Principalities. In these views he went far ahead of the best political thinkers of his time. Amid every discouragement, his faith in the ultimate accomplishment of the end

desired remained unshaken to the last. Scarcely, however, could he have divined that it would be reached so soon, and by such means; least of all, that an impulse so important was to be given to it by the insane folly nursed by the principles of Thiers, Guizot, and others, which, in prompting the French invasion of 1870, drew together into one focus, as nothing else could have done, the hitherto incoherent elements of a German nation.

It was at this period that Meyer first met Stockmar at Baron Bunsen's, in London; and we are indebted to the Memoir already quoted for the following spirited sketch of him. He was then 59:—

"During breakfast Baron Stockmar was announced; when he entered and sat down, very soon dominating the conversation—an active, decided, slender, rather little man, with a compact head, brown hair streaked with grey, a bold, short nose, firm yet full mouth, and, what gave a peculiar air of animation to his face, with two youthful flashing brown eyes, full of roguish intelligence and fiery provocation. With this exterior, the style of his demeanour and conversation corresponded; bold, bright, pungent, eager, full of thought, so that, amid all the bubbling copiousness and easy vivacity of his talk, a certain purpose in his remarks and illustrations was never lost sight of."

When Stockmar found that nothing was to be expected for Germany from Frederick William IV., he turned his hopes from that eloquent and irresolute visionary to the present Emperor and Empress, then the Prince and Princess of Prussia. It was in accordance with his views of the best interests of both countries, that an alliance should be formed between the Royal Houses of Prussia and England. Our Princess Royal had been from childhood his especial favourite; and as he watched the development of her unusual gifts and distinguished character, the advantages to Germany of having such a princess for its future Queen became more and more apparent. "From her youth up I have loved her," he writes, in February, 1858, a few days after her marriage; "have always expected much from her, and taken pains to be of service to her. I consider her to possess unusual gifts—in many cases amounting to inspiration." It was with peculiar satisfaction, therefore, that he saw his long-cherished wishes for this alliance happily realized; and to the last he took an almost paternal interest in the welfare of this second generation of princely pupils, which was met on their part with the warmest affection.

In the previous year, 1857, he had taken

* Stockmar's editor seems not to be aware that these lines, which he prints as prose, are a quotation from Schiller's "Wilhelm Tell," act iv. sc. 2:—
"The old reels to its fall; the times are changing,
And new life bursts and blossoms from the ruins."

his farewell of the English Court, where he had so long lived, using all his great gifts with rare unselfishness, to guide, animate, instruct, and strengthen others; "the beloved and trusted friend of all beneath its roof, from the Queen, to the humblest member of her household."* The Queen and Prince were not aware that he was never to return. But some weeks before his departure he announced his intention, in a letter to King Leopold from Windsor Castle, resigning into his old master's hands the trust which he had so worthily fulfilled.

"In the spring of 1837," he says, "now, therefore, twenty years ago, I came back to England, to assist the Princess Victoria, now Queen. This year I shall be seventy, and I am no longer either physically or mentally equal to the laborious and exhausting functions of a paternal friend, an experienced father-confessor. I must say good-bye, and this time for ever. The law of nature will have it so. And well for me that I can do this with a clear conscience; for I have worked as long as I had power to work, for ends which cannot be impugned. The consciousness of this is the reward, which alone I was anxious to deserve, and my dear master and friend, with full knowledge of the state of matters here and of those for whom I have acted, gives me frankly and spontaneously from the bottom of his heart the testimony that I have deserved it."

The tie, however, was not one to be broken by absence. The most intimate communications by correspondence continued to be kept up by those he had left behind in England and in Belgium. The Queen and Prince Consort saw him together on two subsequent occasions, once at Babelsberg in 1858, and again at Coburg in 1860. The habit of sharing with this second father, not only his thoughts on public questions, but his private joys and sorrows, which had grown up through their long years of personal intercourse, was continued by the Prince Consort to the last. To him one of his latest letters was addressed. "I am terribly in want of a true friend and counsellor," writes the Prince; "and that you are that friend you may readily understand." In a month the Prince was dead.

This national loss seemed to Stockmar a death-blow to the great purpose of his life. "A structure," to use his own words, "which was conscientiously reared for the accomplishment of a great and important object, with a devout sense of duty, and the toilsome effort of twenty years, has

been shattered to its foundation." In 1862 the widowed Queen sought the good old man at Coburg. "My dear, good Prince!" he exclaimed, "how happy I shall be to see him again! and it will not be long." And it was not long. On the 9th of July, 1863, death brought his wearied spirit the release for which it had long been yearning.

The pains of weakness and age had for some years pressed heavily upon him, and added to the melancholy from which not even the retrospect of a well-spent life could protect him. It is sad to read in one of his latest letters to the King of the Belgians such words as these: "I confess I was not prepared for so comfortless an old age. Often, very often, I am on the verge of despair. The riddles of life grow daily more difficult to me." But such moods could only be the passing clouds of a soul unusually sensitive and sympathetic, and therefore unusually suffering, to which a lifelong faith in the ultimate issue of all things for good, under the directing hand of a benign Father, had given a prevailing aspect of calmness and serenity. "His reliance on the love and justice of God," says his friend Meyer, "and on the goodness of the human heart, never forsook him."

Multum dilexit; and it was characteristic of the depth as well as tenderness of his feelings, that his loving nature, his sweet temper, his devotion to his friends, were often little to be surmised under what seemed, to those who did not know him well, to be Stoical reserve, or self-centred indifference. Christian to the core, Love, Duty, Truth were the mainsprings of his life, as they were the mainsprings of his influence. Thus it was, therefore, that he not only did and counselled

"The right because it was the right,
In scorn of consequence,"

but men of all ranks, and of the most varied opinions, — kings, princes, diplomats, politicians — those with whom he differed no less than those with whom he agreed, those whom he disliked no less than those whom he admired, — were so conscious that he had no ends of his own to serve, and that he was thoroughly to be relied on for fairness, for reticence, and for directness, that they caught in their dealings with him something of his own spirit, and yielded to him a confidence which they never had occasion to regret.

"If a young man just entering into life," are his own beautiful words in a letter of his

* "Early Years," p. 188.

later years, "were to ask me, What is the chief good for which it becometh a man to strive? I could only say to him, Love and Friendship! Were he to ask me, What is a man's most priceless possession? I must answer, The consciousness of having loved and sought the truth, of having yearned after what is good for its own sake! All else is either mere vanity or a sick man's dream."

It was only consistent with this creed that, looking back in his last days on what he had done, well appreciating its importance, and not unconscious of the worldly honour and reputation which, had his aim been personal ambition, it would have been easy for him to achieve, he should have no feeling of regret for the course he had early chosen and deliberately pursued, of living for others and not for himself:—

"The singularity of my position," he says, "required me anxiously to efface myself, and to conceal, as though it were a crime, the best purposes I had in view, and frequently carried out. Like a thief in the night, I placed with liberal hand the seed within the earth, and when the plant grew up, and became visible to other people, it was my duty to ascribe the merit to others, and no other course was open to me. . . . If circumstances and men commonly combine so to veil the best of my conceptions and ideas, and the enterprises based upon them, in darkness and night, that it is impossible to form the faintest conception as to the source from which they truly sprang, this will not cause me any great vexation."

In the eyes of such a man, the work done, if noble in itself and in its fruits, was the all in all. He had shunned the glare of the world's honours through life. Was it likely that, in the contemplation of a greater Hereafter, he should sigh for the empty glories of a posthumous fame?

All the more fitting, however, is it, that such a life should not pass away without some adequate record. More will, no doubt, be heard of it in the promised memoirs of the Prince Consort's life. But the *Memorabilia* contained in the present volume, rich as they are in authentic information as to leading men and events from 1816 to 1863, and in the opinions of one of the most sagacious of political observers, form a contribution to contemporary history of the highest value. There are some things in the book which the wiser discretion of Stockmar himself would have kept in the secrecy of his own portfolio, and we are conscious at times of a hardness of tone, on the part of the biographer, which reacts unfavourably upon his subject, and has, we see, even already led to misconceptions of his father's char-

acter. But the general impression will, we believe, be that which we have attempted very imperfectly to convey, of a good and great man, working conscientiously for the welfare of mankind, at no time sparing himself, or seeking his own aggrandizement; and happy, that through the Love and Friendship—which bound him to his royal and princely friends—he was able to exert a beneficial influence upon social and political progress, which is even now actively at work.

From Saint Paula.

OFF THE SKELLIGS.

BY JEAN INGELOW.

HE presently went into the hall, and met the servant, who was bringing in the letters on a tray, and as he rapidly sorted them I saw that there was not one for me.

"Do you think he is ill?" I whispered.

"I had not thought so," he answered, "but it may be so—yes, it must be so."

We came back in silence, sat down to breakfast, and Mrs. Henfrey poured out the coffee before she opened her letters; then she exclaimed—

"Why, dear me, here is a letter from Mrs. Nelson, and she says poor dear Valentine has caught such a terribly bad cold that he is in bed with it, and cannot possibly come home till Tuesday. On Tuesday she thinks he might come with safety."

My heart leaped for joy. A bad cold—nothing worse, and here had I been dreading all sorts of things. I was quite angry for the moment with Giles for having also been uneasy.

Mrs. Henfrey let Giles take the letter from her, and as he walked back to his place with it, he read it through. Then he went and stood on the rug while he read it again, after which he tore it in half and flung it on the fire.

"You should not have burnt my letter," said Mrs. Henfrey; "perhaps Dorothea would like to have seen it."

I should have been pleased to see it, but was too glad of its contents to blame anyone just then.

"If you please, sir," said the thin footman, "I've been to the station, and I can't hear any tidings of the box."

"What box?" asked Mrs. Henfrey of Giles.

"A little box that Miss Graham left in the carriage it seems; at least the authorities say that it is not among her luggage."

The cake box ; I left it behind me !

I made many apologies mingled with blushes. Mrs. Henfrey was terribly vexed, hoped it would be returned, had chosen the ornaments herself, and continued to lament till St. George said : " Never mind, when Val comes home there will be time enough to order another, and Miss Graham never ought to have been troubled with it."

He spoke with an irritation that I had never seen him display towards Mrs. Henfrey, and that I well knew was not directed at her, but at Valentine. Poor fellow ! he could not help having a bad cold, but I thought his brother considered that hardly any amount of sneezing and coughing ought to have kept him away from his bride elect.

" It's tiresome his being ill just now," said the moderate Mrs. Henfrey.

" He had no business to catch cold," said Liz.

" Oh," replied Mr. Brandon, suddenly turning round and taking his part, " his cold never lasts more than three days ; he'll be here, no doubt, on Tuesday as fresh as ever."

He ate his breakfast rather hastily, and said he was going out on business and might possibly not be home that night.

What was it that prompted me directly after breakfast to steal away to the staircase window and watch the groom bringing out his horse ? I hardly know, but I went next to look for the " Bradshaw," which I found on the table in the hall, and had taken in my hand just as he came hastily in with a plaid over his arm.

" You wanted this, Mr. Brandon ?" I said, as at sight of me he started and stood irresolute.

He admitted the fact.

" The first train to Derby that stops here, starts, I see, at 10.20."

He looked quietly at me and took the book in his hand.

" What are you thinking of ?" he said.

" I am thinking that you will not go to Derby."

" Why not ?"

" Unless you think Valentine is very ill, in which case I believe you would take me with you."

" I could not possibly do that," he answered, hastily, and as if the very idea was painful to him.

" Then you do not think Valentine is very ill."

" No. I believe he has a bad cold."

" Then why did you want to go to Derby ?"

His eyes searched my face, he looked perplexed, and after a long pause he said frankly, " I had a desire to go. I can hardly tell you why — it would disturb you."

" I know why. Oh, how can you allow yourself to have such thoughts about your brother ?"

" If he is tolerably well," answered Giles, evasively, " I could perhaps bring him with me."

" Because he does not show a proper desire to come of his own accord, — is that your thought ? I have no such thought, and if I had —"

" If you had ?"

" It would still be the last thing I should wish, that you should go and hasten him. I entirely trust him."

Again he looked at me. " You ought to know him far better than I do," he said, reflectively.

" Yes, I believe I do."

He put the plaid slowly from his arm, and still thought ; his brow cleared visibly under the process, and at last he said, " I submit then ; it shall be as you please."

I was truly glad to hear his horse sent back to the stables, and his plaid returned to his room ; but I was more glad to find that he was now really at his ease about Valentine. I had dispersed his fears, whatever they were, and in so doing had made myself more happy. We passed a pleasant day, and a quiet Sunday followed ; there were no visitors, and having nothing to do, I listened to Mrs. Henfrey's programme of the wedding breakfast, and sometimes played with the children, and watched the descent of a heavy fall of snow which fell with wearying persistence, kept us in the house, and debarred us from having any callers.

On Monday there was no letter, but, as Mrs. Henfrey remarked, Val had never been a good correspondent, and no doubt did not want to write when he was coming so soon.

St. George was apparently quite comfortable ; he believed, I suppose, that my view was the right one, and reflected that the lover, though not ardent, was doubtless true.

He was really kind that day, and seemed willing to relieve my suspense ; he read aloud to us in the morning, and was full of talk and argument. I was a good deal excited ; I could not help it. I was just in that state when all the faculties being more awake than usual, and all the senses more keen, it was almost impossible for me to talk with men and women without finding some application to myself in their words

that they had never intended. The children were my only safe companions. I began to fancy that the servants (perhaps it was not all fancy) looked at me furtively, with a kind of pitying wonder, and that Mrs. Henfrey treated me with a distinction which was due to Valentine's absence more than to my position; moreover that Mr. Brandon's cheerfulness was partly put on. He had not been formerly in the habit of singing snatches of songs about the house. Neither had he been in the habit of speaking of Valentine with the kind of regretful interest that he now bestowed upon him, as if he was making up to the poor fellow in his own mind for the suspicions that he had harboured respecting him.

He was a proud man; that any member of his family should do a disgraceful or dishonourable thing would have touched him to the quick; and he little suspected that I, on my part, was thinking it both disgraceful and dishonourable in him to have harboured the suspicions that I knew had tormented him.

"There!" said Mrs. Henfrey, at dessert time, "I've got a nut with two kernels; they used to say that with one such in each hand you could tell your own fortune."

"Telling one's own fortune," observed Mr. Brandon, "would be something like looking into a well."

"Why so?" I inquired.

"If you look into a well you may see what you please; the reflection of what you set the focus of your eye to suit — the clouds over your head, or the pebbles at the bottom, or your own face on the surface of the water."

"Which is best to look at?" I said, for the sake of saying something.

"Not the clouds, for you cannot bring them down; nor the pebbles, for you cannot get them up."

"There is nothing, then, to be looked at but one's own face?"

"Our own faces, seen suddenly, will sometimes tell us things concerning ourselves that we did not suspect before," he answered.

Did you ever see yours in a well, dear?" said Liz.

"Yes."

"I suppose it didn't tell your fortune?"

"Why do you suppose so? You are quite oracular this evening."

"Well, I only meant that at present you have no fortune to tell. You and I, you know, Giles, never have any affairs of the heart, as people call them. Emily and Valentine began early — but then they always told."

"To be sure," answered St. George, who was quite capable of enjoying this speech. "There is nothing I dislike more than those ridiculous reserves that obtain in some families; why shouldn't we all know all about one another?" he continued, audaciously appealing to me.

"Why not, indeed?" I answered, laughing. "I am so glad you are not a reserved family."

Mrs. Henfrey, during this little conversation, sat perfectly still, and did not even look up or betray the slightest interest, but when I went on: "If I ever have anything to tell I shall confide it to sister," she said, "Do, my dear," and quietly smiled.

CHAPTER XXXI.

"In youth we are apt to be too rigorous in our expectations, and to suppose that the duties of life are to be performed with unflinching exactness and regularity; but in our progress through life, we are obliged to abate much of our demands, and to take friends such as we find them, not as we would make them." — Samuel Johnson.

At this moment the nurse came in and said to St. George that both the children were crying, and saying that he had promised to come up and see them before they went to bed. Accordingly he ran upstairs to them, with an orange in one hand and an apple in the other.

Their French nurse was gone, and they did not take kindly to her English substitute, but according to Mrs. Henfrey, led St. George such a life that it was wonderful he could bear it.

They had been very low in their little minds since Valentine went away; they had had bad coughs, and would not take a drop of medicine unless he gave it them. He had won their hearts, and had paid for this by being obliged to carry them upstairs on his back, because they said they had chilblains, but now that he was gone they had returned to their allegiance to St. George. Sometimes nobody else might hear them say their prayers, and sometimes he was called out from his luncheon because they would not eat their pudding unless he ate a bit too.

"French children generally are spoiled," said Mrs. Henfrey, "and these are no exceptions. I am sorry for it, for Dorothea's sake."

"Oh, they will not be so troublesome with her," said Liz; "and depend on it Giles would not suffer their little actions either if he did not like them — he and Valentine both are quite absurd about children."

We were still talking of these little

creatures when Mr. Brandon came back, and went upstairs with us to the drawing-room. I took the "Bradshaw" with me to make up my mind by what train to expect Valentine to-morrow.

By the one which stopped at Wigfield at nine in the morning I found that his sisters expected him to come, because in her note Mrs. Nelson had said, "On Tuesday as early as possible."

Giles said he thought he would be wiser if he did not travel in the night, for there was another train at six o'clock which would bring him home to dinner. I made up my mind to expect him early; I was certain that he would come or he would have written, so I spent the evening in tolerable comfort, and slept better than I had done since my arrival.

Tuesday morning. I looked out, the snow was very deep, but at six o'clock I had heard the whistle of the up train, and knew that the line was not blocked up; I rose and dressed, and came down with a beating heart, but scarcely any apprehension.

The trap was sent for Valentine; dear fellow, I longed to see him! I was told by every one that the snow would make this train at least half an hour late, so I waited till half-past nine, and again the trap returned without him.

I cannot describe the looks of wonder and alarm that passed between Liz and Mrs. Henfrey, but St. George still said he had felt that to travel in the night would be imprudent, and I observed, as breakfast went on, that he really was more at his ease, and this again influenced me to hope for the best. I was determined to hope and trust to the last and uttermost; once to doubt Valentine was to give him up, and I clung to faith with all my power.

We went to the morning-room as usual. Something, about eleven o'clock, induced Liz to say, "I shall just run up and ask St. George about that;" whereupon Mrs. Henfrey said she had better not, for Giles was so worried that morning.

"Why, I thought he seemed easy enough about Val this morning," answered Liz, "and last night he said to me that he was sure Dorothea must know the Oubit far better than we did, and she felt that if he really had been worse than he had said, we should have been told."

Mrs. Henfrey went away, and Liz and I, left alone, talked the matter over till we worked ourselves up to such a state of anxiety, that she declared she must go up to Giles and find out why he was "wor-

ried." "He always did think so badly of Valentine's health," she said, and this frightened me, and I told her that he had intended going to Derby, and I had prevented him. On this she blamed my folly; it was exactly what she had longed to see him do; "but I must go and question him for myself," she added; "come with me," and we both set forth to go to the top of the house to St. George's peculiar domain, a sort of study or library that he had of his own.

We came to a door, and finding it locked Liz tapped. We could hear a man's foot pacing about within. St. George came to the door, but he only opened it an inch or two. "What do you want, you plague?" he said, but not in the least ill-naturedly; "this is the third time you have been up this morning."

"D. came up with me," said Liz; "we want to speak to you."

On this he opened the door widely, and we stepped into a narrow room, nearly forty feet long and with a pointed roof; it was flooded with sunshine, and had four dormer windows looking over the open country, and showing a good way off the great north road, and the railway.

"Is it the evergreens?" he said; "because if it is, old Williams may cut down every bush in the garden, if you like; you always want a quantity of garnish!"

"How impatient you are, Giles!" said Liz, but with unusual gentleness. "No, it's not the evergreens;" and she detailed Mrs. Henfrey's remark, and all our fears and fancies in consequence.

"You make Miss Graham quite nervous," he answered; "she is not in the least so, by nature."

"Tell us once for all," said Liz, "whether you think the Oubit is worse than they said?"

"I do not think so."

"And you do not think it would have been better if I had let you go to Derby?" I added; "you do not regret having stayed at home?"

"No; I think you were right."

"Oh, very well," said Liz, as if now really satisfied; "it was silly of us, wasn't it, Dorothea? to frighten ourselves so. Look, is not this a curious room?"

"It should have been put to rights if I had expected such a visitor," said St. George, glancing at my beautiful array, for I had dressed myself again in the Parisian robe, in the full hope of seeing Valentine.

I looked about. There were many shelves of books, there were globes and queer-looking machines in this room, there

was a turning lathe in one corner, and there were charming easy chairs, and a reading lamp, and on the walls some pictures; but my heart, in spite of his assurances, was beating with apprehensions, for the whole floor was carpeted with a red Brussels carpet, which was quite fresh, excepting in one long narrow path from end to end, where the occupant was evidently in the habit of pacing up and down; he began to do this again with restless and somewhat rapid steps, and with his fingers in his waistcoat pocket; and as I noticed his appearance, I could not feel content; his face, generally devoid of ruddy tints, was almost pale, and his eyes, rather wide open, seemed to be troubled with flashes of an often-recurring surprise.

"Well, Dorothea, shall we come down again?" said Liz.

I hesitated, and looked appealingly at him, on which he said to her, "Go down if you like, my dear, and don't be nervous, — but perhaps it would amuse Miss Graham to stay and look at my pictures; she never saw my room before."

Liz went off, and still he paced up and down, and I dared not question him, but as I moved to look at a portrait of a lady whose likeness to him was very apparent, he came to my side. "That's my mother," he said; "you see her face is full of prophecies, but none of them have come true. She is always promising me peace, and sometimes joy. — You were frightened when you came up?"

"Yes."

"My own affairs are alone what make me so wretched. I told you about a certain misfortune that had befallen me."

"Yes. I am so grieved about it."

"So now you can be at ease. I assure you it was only about myself that I was so horribly worried this morning. I am afraid I am losing the mastery over myself altogether — as for my temper! It's all that illstarred love."

"You talk of a man's love as if it was an awful and terrible thing."

"So it is sometimes. The first woman I loved always made me feel that I was a fool. As for my last love, she has sometimes said to me very cruel things. She has the power so completely to make me take her view of what I am, that I often feel as if I must be a sneak. No, not exactly that."

"And yet you actually said to me that she was inexpressibly sweet."

"I don't think it could have been her doing; it must have been my own self-consciousness," he replied.

"I hate that woman," I answered, deliberately, and I felt at the moment almost as if it lightened, such flashes of anger seemed to come darting out of my eyes. "Yes, I do," I repeated, when he looked at me with amazement; "I know it's very wrong, but I cannot help it, and I cannot feel any special desire to try." Thereupon, when I found that surprise at this unexpected outbreak of mine had so far dissipated his tragic feelings as actually to make him smile, I was obliged to indulge in the luxury of two or three tears, and when I had said something apologetic, to which he made no answer, I moved forward to look at another picture, on which he presently said, —

"This is a curious room, is it not? Mr. Mortimer had it done up for me when I was of age. Dear old man! it's extraordinary how fond he was of me. He wanted to keep me with him."

"I do not see that it was extraordinary; but let me look at Valentine's mother again. What a dear face it is!"

Then as I went nearer, and a sunbeam stealing over the picture made it appear to smile on me, there was suddenly a strange, almost an awful thump at the door. For the moment it startled me, and when it was repeated, St. George said, "It's only Smokey, he is very frequent in his visits just now." He went to the door, and the great beast came slinking in. "He knocks with his tail," said the master, partly addressing his vassal; and he sat down in a low chair and let the creature put his paws on the arm of it, and look at him.

"You'd much better keep your distance," said Giles, addressing him exactly as if he had been a man; "it only makes you more uneasy, you know; you shouldn't try to investigate matters you can't understand." The dog, with his head laid along his master's shoulder, snuffed and whined a little, and tried to get St. George to rise, and when he would not, coiled himself at his feet, and looked up at him.

"Surely," I exclaimed, "he does not know that you are out of spirits!"

"He feels that I can't sleep at night, and that makes him restless and uneasy. But if you bark again and howl as you did last night you must be sent to the farm. Do you hear that, my dog?"

Smokey gave his master two or three little submissive yaps.

"No, he does not know anything," continued his master, "but he feels something. The greater life somehow affects and troubles his lesser thought. I always respect his desire to investigate, but I am

sure he is sagacious enough not to be satisfied now. Surely you must know of the common experience in families, that their dogs howl distressfully when there is death, or even great danger of it, in their houses?"

"Yes, I have frequently heard of that."

"Then this dog (and some, indeed many, others) goes a step beyond the common cur; he howls also when I am miserable. Smokey!"

Smokey sprang up with a sudden bound.

"There's a cat on the stable roof!—He thinks it is his duty to bark at all strange cats, but he does them no damage. There now, I shall get rid of him for a while," he went on, as the dog rushed out of the room and dashed down stairs.

Then while I went back to look at his mother's picture, I managed to say, "I cannot help telling you that I think you are now far more easy and confident than I am about Valentine. For, after all, it certainly is strange that he does not either come or write."

"The reason I feel easier is, that I sent a telegram yesterday night to Derby, and the night before," he continued, after a pause.

"Oh! what were the answers, and what induced you not to tell me before?"

"The first was, 'Have we received a true account of Valentine's illness?' The answer was, 'Yes. He is up and much better.'"

"Surely that is very reassuring. And the second?"

"The answer to the second was, 'I am coming.'"

"Yes, of course, dear fellow, he is coming,—but what was the question?"

"The question will show that I was, as you say, surprised—it was, 'Make me understand this.' But you had nothing to do with it. You never distrusted him for a moment, and I did only for a time."

"Then he will come this evening?"

"Yes."

"How kind you have been! You have taken care that in his case 'the course of true love' shall for once 'run smooth.'"

"Have I?"

"You know you have!"

"But I like to hear you say so!"

"I do say so; and I say there is hardly any thing I would not do to set this trouble of yours right again."

He paced up and down once more; then as he reached the place where I stood, he said, "No one knows of this?"

"Of course not!"

"No one ever shall?"

"No; not even afterwards."

"Well, it is a shame to keep you up here, when no doubt you have so much to do. Shall I take you downstairs?"

I felt that I was dismissed, and I said I could easily find my way down, he need not come with me. Whereupon he opened the door, and as I walked away I heard him lock it behind me.

I did not tell the two sisters about these telegrams; one had clearly not been confided to me because I had not supposed Valentine to be worse than Mrs. Nelson had said. The other disturbed me, both question and answer, even though Valentine had so distinctly said he was coming.

That was a restless day. I longed for six o'clock with indescribable faintings of heart. Liz could settle to nothing. Mrs. Henfrey, who was having the whole of the family plate duly cleaned for the great occasion, sometimes brought in some precious old heirloom as shortly to be mine. "All the plate," she observed, "belongs either to Giles or Valentine, and it will soon have to be divided; but excepting a few spoons and forks there will be no difficulty about it, even where there is no crest, for I knew all our plate long before the late Mr. Brandon's was mixed with it by Giles's mother." She went to the window from time to time: "It's lucky I ordered the calves' feet on Saturday," she observed, "and had the turkey boned." "Don't tease Dorothea," said Liz kindly; "she has a headache."

"I like to hear it," was my reply; it seemed so completely to take for granted that the wedding breakfast would be eaten on the appointed day that it comforted me.

I was thankful when it was time to dress for dinner, and I passed through the dining-room on purpose to see whether a chair and cover had been placed in token that Valentine was expected.

I derived comfort from seeing these preparations and from seeing the trap set forth again. Then I went up to my room to dress, and well knowing that I should be told the instant he came in, I sat there in bridal white till after I had heard the whistle of the train and the returning wheels of the trap.

No one came to me. I felt sick and trembled slightly, but had no inclination to shed tears; at length, thinking I heard whispering outside, I opened my door and saw Mrs. Henfrey, Liz, and Mr. Brandon standing near it. The latter advanced and gravely offered his arm, saying, with quiet steadiness of manner, "Now, my dear, shall we go down to dinner?"

Oh, those words, "my dear," what a world of meaning there was in them to my trembling heart! They seemed plainly to tell me that he acknowledged my claim to be treated as one of the family, but I felt that in uttering them he thought the chance of my entering it was but small. I went down with him in silence, and trembling to a degree that made it difficult for me to walk. Mrs. Henfrey and Liz were perfectly silent during dinner and hardly ate anything; Mr. Brandon and I, though we felt so much more keenly, contrived to eat and to speak a little for the sake of appearances before the servants. We went into the drawing-room as usual, and there, relieved from restraint, Liz cried quietly in a corner, and Mrs. Henfrey sighed incessantly; I was trembling with dread and excitement, but could not sit a moment unoccupied, and went on with some knitting with feverish restlessness till I heard at a distance sounds like faint music coming across the snow; it was very sweet—a voice, I thought; and presently the opening of a door made it distinct enough for me to recognize it. Mr. Brandon was singing to the children.

I laid down my work and wandered away towards the sound, as to something that might occupy my mind a little and distract it from itself.

The nursery door was ajar; I entered, saw the elder child just finishing her supper and the little one sitting on St. George's knee with shoes and socks off, and the moment I entered she made a crying face. She had been promised that Monsieur Valentine would come and see her, and he did not come; he was very naughty, Monsieur Valentine, and she should tell him so.

Valentine's little dog lay on the rug, and now and then made a yapping noise in his sleep. "He's dreaming," said Frances, and St. George said it was time they were dreaming too. "But I haven't got anything to dream about," said Nannette, in a melancholy tone, "and my foots are so cold;" she had been pressing her pretty little fat feet against the nursery guard; but perhaps he saw that I wanted him, for he left the nursery with me, and I asked him to come to the drawing-room and sing and let me play for him. I wanted something to do.

The intense anxiety that was now beginning to overwhelm me was shared, I was certain, by him, and by him only; neither of his sisters had admitted a single thought other than that Valentine was ill.

I felt that he was very desirous that night to comfort and quiet my mind, and

as we went to the drawing-room again he reminded me of the great depth of the snow, which made traffic troublesome and perhaps in some places impossible, and then he made the welcome suggestion that we might have a telegraphic message. I sat down to the piano, but soon found that my hands were trembling too much to make playing possible; then I went to the nursery again and saw the children put to bed, and watched them in their little beds till they fell asleep; after that I sat as patiently as I could in the drawing-room till our usual bed-time; and then Mrs. Henfrey and Liz, wearied both by their own anxiety and my restlessness, rose to retire, and so did I.

But I could not sleep of course, and did not mean to undress; I knew that about midnight there was a parliamentary train which stopped at G., a place about eight miles off, and I resolved to sit up and wait till all hopes of Valentine's coming by it were over.

I think about an hour may have passed, when finding that my watch had stopped I stole down again to the drawing-room to look at the clock there, and to my surprise found the lamps alight and St. George with his feet on the fender reading.

At sight of me he betrayed not the least surprise, but spoke cheerfully and even smiled.

"You wished to sit up for the last train no doubt; do you know, I feel a strong conviction that he will come by it? And I have sent to G. to meet it."

"Oh, thank you."

He again spoke of the deep fall of snow, then he gave me a book which he said was interesting, and began to pace slowly up and down the room, but observing that I was quite unable to read he shortly came up to me, took the book out of my hand and leaning one elbow on the mantel-piece, began to read aloud out of the bulgy Greek Testament that I remembered his possessing on board the "Curlew." He read in a quiet steady voice, which, though very low and soft, was free from any expression of emotion; it quieted my overwrought nerves, with the only, the eternal history, and hope, that then I was in a state to listen to.

He closed it at last. "You are very patient," he said, gently; "come to the window."

His senses had been quicker than mine, for when he drew aside the curtains I could hear the oncoming of the distant train, which had already stopped at G. and was rapidly speeding towards us.

The moon was nearly at the full, the ground was very deep in snow, and the black trees looked awful in the stillness; we saw the two red glaring eyes of the engine as it sped past and the black carriages behind. Oh, how earnestly, I prayed then that I might soon see the man I was waiting for! but I have lived to thank God that *all* my prayers have not been answered.

Looking out, not speaking a word, good or bad, my heart beating and hands trembling, I remained a long time, till, conscious of a very faint sound some way off, I turned and saw Mr. Brandon with his head thrown back and his nostrils dilated, standing with one hand raised, gazing towards the open drawing-room door and listening.

There was a slight stir outside and a faint howling from one of the dogs, then a distant door was softly opened, and footsteps passed along the darkened hall.

My heart beat wildly; I hated its audible noise, because for all my listening it confused the sounds below. There was a foot on the stairs, a slow, heavy foot, and something hard seemed now and then to strike against the banisters; at last one man only entered the room—the groom—and he had a deal box in his hands.

Neither of us spoke.

"If you please, sir," began the man in a tone of the humblest apology, "Mr. Mortimer-sir-he wasn't there, but I brought this box on that they took up into the north by mistake; it came down by the first train this morning."

My wedding-cake came back again!

"You can set it down," said Mr. Brandon, and when the man had shrunk out of the room, I looked at him and he looked at me.

What deadly fright and dread he saw in my face I cannot tell, nor what pity troubled him for the forlorn creature standing mute before him, but his face changed and paled till even his lips were white and his large eyes became dilated, and his whole frame shivered as if some frost-bitten blast was blowing upon him.

I moved a little nearer and said in a whisper, for my voice was gone, "Do you think he is dead?" I looked at him eagerly, hungrily for an answer, and he turned away his face from me, and muttered hoarsely, "No."

CHAPTER XXXII.

"The worst is not
So long as we can say, This is the worst."
King Lear.

I REMEMBER putting my hands to my eyes, and feeling a longing desire to shed tears; but I had no tears to shed, and was very sick and cold.

I went back to the fire, which was burning dim, and sat cowering over it as if it could supply the warmth that had died out of me. Mr. Brandon did not speak, or take any notice of me; he was writing a letter in urgent haste, and when he had directed it he dashed down the pen, came quickly to a sofa near the fire, and drew from under it a riding-whip, scarf, and overcoat.

All this was very quickly done, and his resolute face, heightened colour, and flashing eyes helped me to the meaning of it. He had prepared beforehand for a journey in case this train did not bring back Valentine. Now he was resolved to fetch him back, whether he would or no.

"You will now go to bed, I hope?" he said to me.

I asked if he was going to Derby.

"Yes," he answered, resolutely, "I must: there is not a moment to be lost." He held out his hand, and went on, saying, "And black as things look, I hope you will try not to judge Valentine till you hear something from me."

I summoned what force I had to say, "Your going will not be for my good, unless you will first hear what I wish to say about it."

He looked as if impatience almost mastered him; but he sat down, and I could see that down to his very finger-ends his nerves were thrilling with the longing desire to be off.

"I know you are a just man —"

He looked amazed at this beginning.

"So I hope you will be just to me."

"To you?" he repeated, faintly.

"Yes, to me. I have no friends, and my brother would take no notice, poor fellow, if the wedding-day should pass over and my name remain as it is; my father is so far away."

"I don't know what this means; say something more."

"I say, then, that I know you are a loving brother; but I believe that, above his chance of happiness, you desire that Valentine should yield to duty and honour."

"You do me no more than justice."

"You are not going to Derby because you think he is dying, for others would have informed us of that."

No answer.

"Nor ill; for then he would have written himself."

Still no answer.

"But you are going because you believe that his heart fails him at the last moment, and he dare not come home because he will not marry me. I know what you suffer in the prospect, for I am your invited guest, come here on purpose, for your sister's convenience, to be married to your brother, you yourself giving me away. Do not think that I make light of that. If I were a man, I should feel it keenly. But, Mr. Brandon (I said I knew you were just), I appeal to you to be kind, and I trust to your sense of duty and your honour not to sacrifice me. Valentine has been cruel already to leave me so long in anxiety about him; but that would be nothing to your cruelty if you went to him and represented all that you have done for him and all that he owes to you, and the disgrace that would accrue to him, and the pain to your pride and your affection, if he should act unworthily, and if, between entreaties and commands, you got him to return with you and marry me against his will."

"If he wants such persuasion," muttered Giles, between his clenched teeth, "he is a villain whom, but for his father's sake, I could disown. He must come; he will; he shall!"

"Not at your bidding."

"Yes, at my bidding. He must be infatuated now; but once married to you, even at my instance, he would bless me ever after."

"I say again, do not be cruel to me; do not sacrifice me to him. Forget for a little while how much you care for Valentine, and consider my happiness as if I were as dear to you as he is."

He seemed to feel this appeal in every fibre of his frame: he set his lips, and the colour forsook his face; but it retained its resolute expression, and he could not look at me, but fixed his eyes on the wall above my head.

"Would it be sacrificing you," he said, with a faltering in his voice that in a woman would have been the prelude to tears — "would it be sacrificing you to marry you to the man whom you love?"

I could not answer. *The man whom you love!* Why did I love and care for him? — only as the result of his love for me. But I could not look his brother in the face and tell him so: it would have been too cruel. After all, his absence was unaccounted for: while we were discussing his possible falsity, he might be dying in some wayside inn,

or buried deep in a snow-drift, his last thoughts having been of me.

Thinking of this — and it was well I did — a sudden passion of tears came to my relief, and I covered my face with my hands, and repented of what I had said, and bemoaned my own unkindness from the bottom of my heart. I believe I reproached Giles for having first suggested to me a doubt as to Valentine's honour. I repudiated any such doubt for myself; said I had altered my mind, and implored him if he found Valentine living not to tell him that I had ever entertained one.

Becoming more calm, and as he left me to recover myself without a word of comfort from him, I looked up; he was standing still as a statue, just as I had seen him before — not directing his eyes towards me, but raising them above my head.

Often in after-years, when I sat between him and Valentine, I saw again the expression that then met my eyes for the first time.

It was the reflection of some inward thought which he was brooding over: it must have been a good thought, for it irradiated his face; it made me feel a sudden trust in him; and as one looks at a picture of a saint holding heavenly communion, or an angel with a brow of more than mortal tenderness and calm, I looked at him, till, conscious of my silence, he brought down his eyes to meet mine, and instantly the opening in the clouds that had shown such a glimpse of brightness was closed, and the face resumed its usual expression of keen intelligence and penetration.

The drawing-room clock struck two, and he started forward and snatched up his whip; it seemed as if he would leave the room without speaking to me, but he did not; he gave himself time to tell me shortly and quickly that now he must go; that whatever happened I should hear by telegraph everything that he could tell me; and then, as if reluctantly, he told me not to be afraid, for he should remember my appeal.

So saying, and requesting that I would now go to bed and try to take some rest, he left the room and went quickly downstairs. I heard him unlock and open the back door, and then I heard the swing of the stable-door on its hinges. I went to my room; from thence I could see the carriage-road. I looked out, and saw him leaping his horse by a short cut through the deep snow in the field; that done, he mounted him, and my heart beat a little more easily, for now, whatever had hap-

pened to Valentine, he would soon have help, and I should soon have tidings. I lay down, and was so weary that I slept, but only to lose myself in miserable dreams. The horse was stumbling; he had got into a hole, and Giles could not drag him out, the snow was too deep. There was no train; it had whisked by just before he reached the station: I heard the whistle of it in my dream, and awoke to hear it in reality. It was eight o'clock, and the pretty little maid was standing by my bed with a telegraphic letter in her hand.

With what sensations I opened it I need not attempt to describe; it was dated from a stat on a few miles beyond Derby. "One quarter past seven A.M. Valentine left this place two hours ago. You shall hear again."

That was all; not a word of comfort — there was none evidently to be given. Nothing about his health; and he could not have left on his way home, or why was I to hear again?

Liz soon came to look at the letter, and took it away to Mrs. Henfrey. Neither of them attempted to understand it, and I tried very hard not to judge poor Valentine before the time.

That was a dreary day; the snow fell incessantly, and no one came to the house. Mrs. Henfrey was very much annoyed about some evergreens that she waited for decorating the house; she was sure they would never look well if they were cut with the snow upon them.

I was very restless, but I could retire sometimes to my room and kneel, and, as well as the tumult of my mind would permit, I could pray. I could also weep now and then a little that day; but in the evening there came another telegraph, which gave me a shock that drove away my tears for a long, long time, and greatly increased my suffering —

"London, six o'clock. Euston Hotel. If you have received any letter or message, let me know. He is in London, but I do not know where."

Wretched uncertainty! I could not sleep that night; but I came down the next morning, as usual. It still snowed. I could not bear to sit still, but wandered from story to story, and from room to room. There were no telegraphic messages now, either to frighten or to cheer me; but every now and then there were Mrs. Henfrey's curious remarks to listen to. She was not afraid for Valentine, it seemed; and she chose to consider that it must be the snow which kept him away. The rails were blocked up certainly, but that did

not account for the absence of telegraphic letters. Neither Liz nor I, however, prevented her from taking any view she pleased; and she proceeded to have the jellies cleared, the raised pies made, and the game roasted, with a view to the wedding breakfast that nobody but herself expected to see on the table.

Poor Liz cried a good deal that day; I never shed a tear. I was very cold, and everything seemed to have a dimness spread over it; but I remember sometimes deriving a slight degree of relief from going into the nursery and hearing the artless prattle of the children.

And now Friday came — the eve of my wedding day. Liz was unwell from apprehension, and did not appear. I came down feeling faint, and so weak that I could not descend the stairs without holding by the banisters. Colder and colder I had grown as time went on: there was a weary, wearing pain at the top of my head, as if the weight of the world was pressing on it; but I could not be alone; I followed Mrs. Henfrey about, and sat in each room that she went into.

Strange to say, her only comfort, now that things began to look so bad, was in pertinaciously continuing her preparations, as if they could help to avert the coming blow.

She had wheel-barrows full of evergreens cut and laid in heaps on the dining-room floor; she even had some of the principal dishes carried in, that she might decide how they were to stand; and at all this I sat and looked on.

I sat on the dining-room sofa, my mind so dimmed by long tension that nothing affected me which passed around. I had a desperate necessity upon me to be occupied; and as my arms failed me through fatigue, I propped the one which held my needle on the cushion, and drew it out with an effort, and a determination to continue the effort which I can feel, when I think of it, even to this day.

The cook and another servant, as they carried the dishes and changed them at Mrs. Henfrey's orders, cast pitying glances at me. I saw it; but I could only move a little way off that they might observe me less, and I went and sat in an arm-chair which was opposite to the door that led into the hall. Through the hall-windows I could now see the clear expanse of snow that lay over everything. My powers of working had given way; I laid my work on my lap, and, resting my arms on the arms of the chair, looked out with listless apathy.

All my impressions were faint now, my ideas dim, my thoughts confused; I was not roused when I heard a servant utter the word "wheels," and instead of looking out, I looked at her.

An instant after and there was a confused noise of footsteps, then some one shaking and violently knocking at the side door of the room.

"Good lack!" cried the cook, running to open it. "I locked it because of the jelly-glasses being on the floor."

Mrs. Henfrey turned, half bewildered by the noise, and the door being now opened, Mr. Brandon burst in, stumbling in his vehement haste among the glasses, and then trampling and plunging through a mass of evergreens.

Brought thus for a moment to a stand, I could see the vehement flashing of his eyes, and hear his hurried breathing as Mrs. Henfrey and Liz, who now rushed in, seized him by either arm, crying, "How's Valentine, Giles? Oh, Giles, where's Valentine?"

He muttered some answer that was inaudible to me, and still trampling through the holly, his eyes fell on the table; he saw instantly the meaning of these preparations, and while both his sisters fell back, he stood a moment aghast and shocked, and then in a low thrilling tone of appeal, he said, "Oh, my God!"

It was more like a prayer than an exclamation. "Take that away," he cried to the cook — "take it out;" and with an awe-struck face she snatched off the epergne, and the old footman, in tears, followed with my cake. Liz, with her usual terror at being present when anything was the matter, filled her arms with holly and rushed out of the room, crying out, "Oh, he is dead, he is dead!" and then, before anyone could get after her to prevent it, she fell down heavily on the floor, and as I sat quiet in my place, I heard Giles and Mrs. Henfrey lift her up. I hoped she was not hurt; but in a minute or two I noticed that Giles had come back and shut the door, that he was coming towards me, and then that he was standing before me, but I sat as still as if the scene which had passed before my eyes was no concern of mine. I could not feel, I could not stir; I only perceived that he was holding a letter for me to take, and that when I did not put out my hand for it, he laid it on my knee.

I saw the handwriting, that it was Valentine's, and said with quiet apathy, "He is not dead?" Then I lifted my eyes and saw, but did not hear him answer, "No."

Still my senses were so dimmed by long suspense and alarm, that I sat without moving from my apathetic attitude, till he took up the letter, and, breaking open the envelope, again offered it for my perusal.

But no; Valentine was not come. I had sense enough to perceive that, and also that he was not ill, for he had written, and, strange as it may seem, I had no desire to read that letter; few women can have received one in all respects its parallel, and to none could it have been offered with a greater agony of shame and pity than he showed who offered it to me.

"Do you know me? do you know who I am?" I remember hearing him say, I managed to answer "Yes," and he gently touched my forehead with his hand, and sighed. "I have brought you a letter," he repeated; "don't you mean to read it?"

Though I was so dull, and so unable to feel keenly, I was aware that he was speaking to me, as if he was desirous to rouse rather than soothe me; and I wished to rouse myself, but my arms lay like lead upon the arms of the chair, and my thoughts wandered.

"You may read it to me," I said.

He looked fixedly at me as if he did not hear, and I repeated what I had said.

I did not know what a cruel task I was imposing, till, after glancing at the now open letter, he trembled and dropped it from his hand with a gesture of almost loathing. I felt a feeble kind of surprise then, and when he turned away I saw the first few words as it fluttered to his feet, "My dear generous D."

But he did not leave me long waiting for the remainder; he turned back with a resolute sort of courage, and forced himself to read it to me from beginning to end. It was a strange weak confession, half apology, half self-justification: the drift of it was that I had been right from the first, for now he knew what love was, and he had never loved me. He had not meant to be cruel and inconsiderate: he had but lately discovered that his affections had been stolen from him by one who was the loveliest of her sex. He should always be very fond of me as the dearest of sisters; but, oh! he could not come back to me, it would be too terrible. Would I be generous, would I, could I, forgive him, and be good to him, and set him free?

Poor Valentine!

Some strange changes passed over St. George's face as he read, and added meaning to the flush of shame that dyed his features, and to the dilated nostril and heaving chest. There was a resolute ef-

fort to keep his voice steady while he read, and Valentine's weak words were flung to me in broken but stormy tones of grief and passion and pity that his feebleness never could have reached; but fainter and less firm they sounded with every fresh sentence, till the last unworthy entreaties died away in a muttered sigh, and the task once performed there was no more striving for self-mastery: subdued for once and stung to the quick, wounded both in his pride and his affection, he dropped the letter again on my knee, and I saw him with an astonishment that almost roused me from my apathy retreat to the sofa, lay his face among the cushions, and yield himself to an agony of tears.

He wept with such passion, such a choking misery of sobs, that the deadly calm which was freezing me to death gave way a little: I perceived that some of this grief was for me, and there was slight comfort and healing in the thought. There was at least one human being in the wide world who could be touched for my trouble. But I could not weep yet; I could not cry for my lost lover, lost to the past now as well as to the future: no, and I could not cry for my lost home and changed prospects; I could only look on at this man who for the moment had forgotten himself to do it for me, and feel a yearning desire to change places with him and lay down my head as he had done.

And yet, strange to say, I had a great dread at heart lest some one who might be listening outside should hear this. I forgot that it must all be made public the next day; and with an effort I rose from my chair, fetched a glass of water from the sideboard and brought it to him, whispering, "Hush, hush!" He had already sat up; but a passion of tears is such an unusual experience to some men that they don't know what to do with it, and when I spoke it overcame him again, and, clenching his hands in the cushions, he sunk his face into them and cried out, bemoaning himself like a woman, "What had he ever done that such a message should be sent by him? He knew it would break my heart; he could not and he would not bear it."

"Hush!" I said to him again, "you must be quiet; and we want time to think what can be done."

Thereupon he took the water with a sigh of utter exhaustion, and drank it and gave me back the glass: as he did so he looked in my face with a world of pity and ruth; but my dimmed eyes had lost the art of weeping, — neither his compassion nor his example could bring it back.

He rose presently, and wheeled an easy chair nearer to the fire, and clearing away the evergreens with his feet, put me in it, propping me with cushions and commiserating me. I could not have endured this from anyone else; but he was a fellow-sufferer; moreover he had been right from the first, and I did think and I did feel even at that moment that if I had only let him go to Derby when he wished, Valentine would certainly have returned with him.

Indeed, I said so to him; and I remember telling him not to be surprised at my behaviour, for I knew it was strange that I could feel no natural emotion, that I could neither tremble nor sigh.

There was something piteous, no doubt, and hopeless in that hour; it was the first real turning aside from the important point to which my life had been tending; it was the flinging away of allegiance to a trusted friend.

"Have you no question at all to ask me?" said St. George with a deep, bitter sigh.

I looked in his face, and the gloom of his brow almost frightened me. It brought to my mind a sudden alarm as to what might have passed between him and Valentine, and my locked lips opened to question him. "Where had he been?"

"All over London, miserable from dread of what in his desperation Valentine might have done. All the mischief was done at Derby. Oh, you have much to forgive — not only to him."

"And where did you find him at last?"

"They found out at Derby, and telegraphed to me: he was at an hotel."

"You were not angry with him, poor fellow?"

"Oh, child, do not look at me so — yes, I was angry."

"You did not strike him?"

"No."

"What did he say?"

"Nothing."

"What did you say?"

"I don't know — I don't exactly know; but he answered that, if I required it, he would make the sacrifice."

"He was always of a yielding nature."

"Don't — don't speak so tamely — don't excuse him; it pierces my heart to hear you."

"I must excuse him: he would have done worse to come. I do excuse him for not coming, and I thank you for not bringing him."

"I could have brought him, but you had tied my hands. I could have made him do

his duty, and he would have blessed me for it afterwards."

"You have done your duty by me instead, and did not sacrifice me."

He dropped his face into his hand and sighed, repeating what he had said before.

"Would it, then, have been sacrificing you to marry you to the man whom you love."

"Yes; for the root and ground of my affection for him was the belief, which was tardy in coming to me, that he loved me, and that by devoting myself to him I could make him happy. He tried long to persuade me of his affection: I thought his pertinacity was a proof of it, and so, because I thought he loved me, I learned to devote myself to him. I meant to spend my life in helping him, to reserve my best affection for him, and all my allegiance. If he really did care for me, he deserved it; for who else did—even of those on whom I had some claim? I would not be perverse, then, and ungrateful: if he did love me, I would love him in return."

As I spoke slowly, and with long pauses, and weariness and difficulty, he lifted his face from his hands, and half turned towards me, but seemed to be arrested by amazement, and, raising his eyes above my head as he had done once before, he lost himself in such a fit of thinking, that he appeared to be almost forgetting to breathe.

Perhaps he did not believe me, perhaps he felt the ground giving way under his feet, one chief cause for anger against Valentine fading away, one chief cause for pitying me cleared from his mind, and, like a person keenly searching in the depths of his own memory for something that he desires to bring up to the light, and that perplexes and torments him with doubts when he has found it, he sat motionless as a stone, knitting his brow; and I, weak and weary, looked calmly on, not able to feel much, but deriving a sort of feeble contentment from contemplating a person who could.

At last, with a mighty sigh, he brought down his eyes to meet mine, and looked at me as if he would have penetrated to my very soul.

"Is it so hard to believe me?" I asked,

"I find it hard," he answered gravely. "to reconcile what you say with—with some things that have taken place."

"What things?"

"What did I warn you of in the wood? What significance could there be in my words to bring such cruel pain to you, if you did not love Valentine then? You

wished to extort a promise from me that I would never allude to it again. You cannot think I have forgotten that, and how you hung your head and drooped when I was hard enough to tell you that your boy-lover had a careless heart and a faint memory. Love him! why he had confided to me that very morning that he believed you loved him; you declined to engage yourself to him, but he was sure you loved him; and when I turned upon him and said, 'What then?' what response did I get? Boy that he was, he faltered and blushed, and owned that he liked you uncommonly—was so proud, so pleased with you and your love. You have never been able to feel friendly towards me since that dark day."

"And now," he went on after another pause, "when something worse than I ever dreaded has come to pass, something more than careless and cold has been done, you can sit here white and wan like the shadow only of that passionate creature who resented with such heart-sick tears the first hint of this wrong, and, unless I am mistaken—which I think I must be—it seems you are actually telling me—you intend me to understand—that you did not cherish him then in your heart (handsome, joyous, engaging young fellow that he was), but that your love for him rose afterwards, and was due to his long persuasions."

Sometimes when a communication of grave import has been made, the mind is so full that nothing fresh can startle it.

So it was with me then. I perceived my long-cherished mistake, and St. George had warned me about Valentine after all. What did it signify now? I thought it over. He was such a mere boy at that time, I said to myself; how could St. George take such a thing into his head?—he was a mere boy. Then I recurred to my first thought on the subject: What did it signify now?

Some slight movement that he made recalled me to myself, and looking up, I saw that he was expecting an answer from me, and looking at me with keen attention.

"He was a mere boy," I said at last; and I considered again. "And so he thought I loved him. Strange!"

"Strange," repeated St. George; "why his father thought so—his sister thought so; and as to his persuasions——"

"Yes," I said, wearily, "he was very open—surely you knew of them."

"Knew of them," he repeated, bitterly.

"Oh yes, I knew of them; but I believed

that your long hesitation was owing to my having reminded you of his extreme youth and volatile character. I thought afterwards, poor fellow, that I had done him a great wrong, and you too. I thought I had spoilt your best chance of happiness, and his best chance of a happy and noble and virtuous youth."

"Did you?" I answered, for I was sorry to hear him speak with such anguish. "Well, never mind now, it made no difference."

"I set myself to atone for it," he went on. "I never rested till I had made an early marriage possible for him. At least, you loved him afterward?"

He turned upon me almost vehemently to ask this question, and I answered, after thinking again,—

"I cared for him very much; he was so kind, and I wanted some one to whom I could devote myself. I loved him almost better even than Tom at last."

"Is that all?" he exclaimed, springing up; "almost better than Tom? Oh, then, the mischief is not quite irreparable, the wrong is not so intolerable as I thought."

I cannot describe what I felt when he said that: his shame for his brother and his intense sympathy with me had been more necessary in this great trouble than I was aware. Now this sustaining sympathy was withdrawing, and all the courage I had left went after it.

Happily for me, the pang of that moment brought back to me the power to weep, and I could lay down my head at last and cry for all I had lost—for my home under the New Zealand hills, and my cabin in the "Curlew."

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SAALBURG AND SAARBRUCKEN.

BY EDWARD A. FREEMAN.

A CHAPTER of English history in which it needs a certain effort of thought to see a chapter of English history is written in the Roman remains on the right bank of the Rhine. The talk about natural boundaries and the frontier of the Rhine has done somewhat to overshadow the fact that the great German river never has been a lasting frontier of anything. Cæsar found the German settled, as he still is, on both sides of it. The successors of Cæsar established their power, so far as they were able, on both sides of it also. The elder Empire ruled so much as it could hold of its eastern bank, from Milan or

from Ravenna, from York or from Trier. The younger Empire ruled so much as it could hold of its western bank, from the island palace of Gelnhausen or from the home of the conquered Saracens at Palermo. Since modern France first reached the Rhine at the Peace of Westphalia, the natural boundary has been overleaped whenever there has been a chance. One aggressor thought it enough to keep his hold on Breisach; another was not satisfied unless Lübeck formed part of a French department as well as Strassburg. The most palpable result of the great vengeance of our own day is that the boasted natural frontier is a frontier no longer. A generation or two hence the temporary French occupation of Strassburg will seem as strange an accident as the shorter French occupation of Hamburg: it will seem as strange an accident as the longer English occupation of Calais. Go back as far as recorded history will take us, and we shall find Germans dwelling on the left bank of the Rhine no less than on the right. But we shall also find the Latin-speaking enemy, whether he takes the form of an ancient Roman or a modern Frenchman, striving to establish his dominion on the right bank no less than on the left.

It must always be remembered on the one hand, that the Roman province of Gaul, looked on as a land which has the Rhine for its eastern frontier, was a land which contained Teutonic as well as Celtic and Iberian inhabitants. And it must no less be remembered that the Rhine did not form any fixed or impassable boundary of the Gaulish province, but that it was overpassed whenever the Roman masters of Gaul found it possible, and thought it expedient, to overleap it. Gaul, we must bear in mind, is a purely geographical term, marking out a certain territory on the map, but a territory occupied by various nations and languages, a territory so far from being purely Celtic that it was not even purely Aryan. Of the Gaulish province the Rhine formed the boundary in a rough sense; but it was only in a rough sense that it formed it, and during the greater part of its course, so far as it formed a boundary at all, it formed a boundary, not between the Celt and the Teuton, but between the independent Teuton and the Teuton under Roman dominion. But existing remains show that it was only in a very rough sense that it was a boundary at all. The Rhine no doubt became for several centuries the boundary of the lands which were thoroughly Romanized, those within which Roman

culture and the Latin language became thoroughly dominant. But it was far from being the limit of Roman military occupation. A Roman frontier province was commonly bordered by a sort of debatable land, which had been brought more or less under Roman dominion or Roman influence, but which had not been thoroughly welded into the great system of the Roman world. It was indeed a matter of policy to have everywhere a frontier district of this kind, a district which might bear the brunt of a never-ending border warfare, and might keep the struggle with the Barbarian as far off as might be from the lands which reposed in the full enjoyment of the *Roman Peace*. Such a border district we find in the lands beyond the Rhine, just as we find it in the lands beyond the Danube. The great cities on the Rhine and the Mosel, Colonia, Moguntia, and their fellows, were doubtless thoroughly Roman from an early stage of the Roman dominion in those regions. Augusta Trevirorum became in the later days of the elder Empire a seat of Imperial rule, another Rome as it were, like Milan and Ravenna, like Nikomèdeia and Byzantium, transplanted to the Rhenish border of the Empire. The land immediately west of the Rhine was most likely never so thoroughly Roman as in the days just before the time when it ceased to be Roman at all; for the presence of Emperors at Trier was simply a sign that the Roman possession of Gaul was in serious danger. Beyond these thoroughly Romanized lands, beyond the great river which in some sort guarded them, lay a half subdued district, where Roman soldiers pitched their camps, where they have left ample traces of their presence behind them, but where we cannot believe that the culture and the speech of Rome ever made a thorough conquest of the whole land. On the left bank of the Rhine we are perhaps somewhat surprised to find that the Roman has left so few traces of himself, whether in nomenclature or in his actual works. Trier stands alone in this region, as it stands alone in Northern Europe generally, in the possession of great surviving Roman works, works truly worthy of an Imperial city. But that surviving Roman works are rare in this region really proves but little; they are just as rare in large districts of Gaul which beyond doubt were thoroughly Romanized, and whose Roman population must have been far less disturbed at the time of the Teutonic conquests. The argument from nomenclature proves much more; Teutonic names,

names plainly newer than the Teutonic reconquest, are decidedly the rule along the left bank of the river, only less universally than along the right bank. But when we cross to the right bank, into that part of old Francia which forms the modern Nassau and Homburg, we are surprised at finding how much the Roman has left behind him. A glance at the Museum at Wiesbaden is enough to bring strongly home to the mind that, though we may fairly call the Rhine the boundary of the Roman civilization, it certainly was not the boundary of the Roman power. *Aque Mattiacæ* and its neighbourhood are rich in Roman remains; the hot springs were early known to Roman naturalists, and there seems reason to think that they did not fail to draw thither Roman visitors.* A not very long walk from the modern town brings us to a still more distinct witness of Roman occupation in the distinctly marked ruins of the Roman fortress of Rambach. Some food for thought is provided when we see the site of the stronghold of the heathen conquerors turned to the peaceful uses of God's acre, and the church, a building of no value or interest in itself, standing erect among the relics of a state of things which has so wholly passed away. But there is nothing at Rambach to give much detailed instruction to any but professed students of Roman antiquities. But Wiesbaden and Rambach together supply enough to set any one thinking, to make any one who feels an interest in the great struggle of tongues and races which has gone on for so many ages along the line of the great river, feel specially eager to learn something more of any traces which the earlier stages of that great struggle may have left behind them.

On one spot at least in that region the seeker after traces of the great struggle between Roman and German will not be disappointed. The first thoughts suggested by the name of Homburg are certainly not thoughts of history or antiquities in any shape. But, at no great distance to the north-west, the road which, passing from Homburg, climbs the heights forking off in two directions towards Oberhain and Usingen, leads straight to a spot than which none speaks with a clearer voice of

* The elder Pliny (xxxi. 17) speaks of the "*Mattiaci Fontes*" as if from a vague report, and certainly does not imply that there was any settlement there in his time. "*Sunt et Mattiaci in Germania fontes calidi trans Rhenum, quorum haustus triduo fervet. Circa margines vero pumiceo facient aquæ.*" Ammianus (xxix. 4) speaks familiarly of "*Aque Mattiacæ*," as if by his time it had grown, if not into a town, at least into a military station.

the presence and of the retreat of the Roman invader. This is the great Roman station of Saalburg, the chief of all the Roman military posts along the line of the Taunus. And close beyond it we reach the real limit of the Roman power in these regions. The *Pfalgraben*, the dyke drawn in an irregular shape from the Lahn to the Main, answers to the successive walls made by the Romans in our own island to defend the fully subdued and organized province against the incursions of the unsubdued natives. But as a mere structure of earth, a *vallum* and not a *murus*, it is not an object to be compared with the stately bulwark of stone with which—according to Dr. Merivale, in the latest days of their power—the Imperial people fenced in the smaller extent of their dominion in Britain. In the immediate neighbourhood of Saalburg—and I cannot profess to have traced it elsewhere—the *Pfalgraben* itself is not a very striking object. Of no great height and almost covered with brush-wood, it might easily be passed over by any one who was not specially looking for it. Save for its lying so near to works the nature of which cannot be mistaken, it might easily escape notice altogether, or it might be taken for some fence of a far less ancient and dignified kind. But about the fortress whose remains rise above it, about the Saalburg itself, there can be no mistake whatever. The walls nowhere rise much above the foundations; there is nothing standing up, like the vast Roman buildings at Trier, like the mighty walls of Anderida, or even like the smaller fragments at York, Lincoln, and Leicester. Yet no one can raise any question as to what the building was or who the people were who reared it. The Saalburg is the camp of the conqueror, pitched there to guard the furthest outposts of his dominion. It was the chief of the Roman stations along the Taunus range looking backward on the land which Rome had brought more or less thoroughly under her dominion, and looking forward on the land which she did not venture to claim as her own, but which still remained the undisputed heritage of the free German. Between him and herself she had drawn a line to be at once a boundary and a bulwark, and the spot to which we have carried ourselves in fact or in thought is the greatest and strongest of the posts by which that bulwark was to be guarded. The look-out from the Saalburg over the *Pfalgraben* which lies beneath it is still a look-out on a wild and free land which shows but few signs of man's works or dwellings. As

we trace out the length and breadth of the fortress, its walls, its gates, the hall of its prætorium, the places within and without its walls set apart for the various purposes of Roman military life, it needs no great flight of imagination again to people them with those who, seventeen or eighteen hundred years back, guarded that fortress against the assaults of men of our own blood and speech who were striving to win back the land which the stranger had rent from them. We see the site of the altars where, on the soil whence the worshipper of Thunder and Woden had been driven, prayers and incense went up to the Jupiter of the Roman Capitol, to Mars the father of Rome, and to Venus the mother of her Cæsars. We trace out the ground once covered by the tents of the legionaries gathered around the central dwelling of their Imperator. We look forth from thence on the wide expanse beyond the boundary wall, and we think with what feelings our kinsfolk on the yet unconquered soil may have now and then heard an echo of the sounds, or caught a distant glimpse of the scenes which went on daily within the bulwark which told that the whole land of their forefathers was no longer theirs. They saw, spreading its wings in their native sky, the proud badge of Rome's dominion, the eagle of Marius and Cæsar, and they looked not forward to the day when they themselves should be the heirs of Rome's titles and Rome's dominion, when the Roman eagle should become the badge of German rule, and when the Tiber should welcome as Roman Cæsar whatever King might be chosen on the banks of the liberated Rhine.* Our thoughts may well pass on from our kinsfolk to ourselves. The fortress on the Taunus marked indeed how far the power of Rome had reached, but it marked no less how far the hopes of Rome had fallen back. Rome had indeed spread her power beyond the Rhine and the Danube; but there had been a day when she had looked on the Rhine and the Danube as rivers whose course should flow within her home domain, when she had reared her trophies by the Lippe and had pitched her camps by the Weser, and had deemed that no stream nearer than the mighty Elbe itself should mark the spot where the Roman *Terminus*

* Gunther, *Ligurinus de Gestis Frederici*, lib. i.:—
 "Et quo Romanum nostra virtute redemptum
 Hostibus expulsi; ad nos iustissimus ordo
 Transtulit imperium, Romani gloria regni
 Non penes est; quemcumque sibi Germania Regem
 Præbuit, hunc dives submisso vertice Roma
 Suscipit, et verso Tiberim regit ordine Rhenus."

had deigned to fix his halting-place. When it was needful to fence in the ridge of Taunus with artificial bulwarks, and to guard them with all the skill of Roman discipline and all the strength of Roman fortification, it showed that the dreams of those days had passed away, that Terminus had been driven to content himself with a halting-place nearer to his old shrine on the Capitoline, that Rome had found that she might indeed plant her outposts on German soil, but that the whole length and breadth of the German land was not doomed to become a Roman province. And the day on which that doom was fixed ruled the destinies, not only of the Teutonic mainland but of the Teutonic island; it fixed the fate of Britain as well as the fate of Germany. When bulwarks were needed to fence in the land wrested from our kinsmen between the Lahn and the Main, it showed that our own land by the Elbe and the Weser was free without fear of bondage or invasion. What if it had been otherwise? What if the earlier hopes of Drusus, the later hopes of his son, had been carried out in all their fulness? What if the tongue and laws and habits of Rome had been firmly established as far as the Elbe or the Trave, while her military outposts had stretched to the Oder or the Vistula? Such an extension of the Roman power would have carried with it the bondage of our own fathers. We must not forget that, in the days of which we are now speaking, our nation and its names were already in being, though the obscure name of the English is found only, without remark or description, among a list of dimly seen Teutonic tribes who were hidden from Roman sight by their guardian streams and forests and were known only as common worshippers of the mother Earth on which they dwelled.* Had the schemes of Drusus been carried out, our fathers must have shared the fate of their kinsmen. There is no reason to think that a German province, if once fully conquered, would have had a different history from the Gaulish province. If the Germans, were threatening, the Gauls had once been more threatening still. And yet Gaul became thoroughly

incorporated with the Roman dominion; its inhabitants — as far as we can see, its Teutonic as well as its Celtic inhabitants — had thoroughly put on the habits and feelings of Romans and had learned to glory in the Roman name. Our Batavian kinsfolk became loyal subjects of the Empire, and our own fathers, the Angles and Saxons whose name Rome barely knew, could hardly have failed to do the like. The Teutonic speech, High and Low — if indeed it is not too early to talk of any difference between High and Low — could hardly have stood its ground against the encroaching Latin any better than the Gaulish tongue had done. Teutonic dialects might possibly have lingered on, as Basque and Breton have lingered on, in some out-of-the-way corners, perhaps to be a subject of curious study for Slavonic or even for Turanian philologists. For the lot which did fall to the Teutonic nations could, in such a case, hardly have failed to fall to the Slaves. As they did settle in and influence so many of the provinces of the Eastern Empire, they could hardly have failed to do the like by the Western. But it is plain that the influence of the Slaves in the East, though strictly analogous to that of the Teutons in the West, was at once far less extensive in degree and far less wholesome in kind. Had Germany been conquered, Europe could hardly have been saved from either remaining attached to the Byzantine Empire, or being split up into two or more Empires of the Byzantine type. The Teutonic awakening of mankind, if it ever happened at all, must have waited for the turn of the Scandinavian branch of our race, when their day of greatness began in the eighth century.

In such a state of things as this, an English conquest of Britain, and all that in every quarter of the world has followed on the English conquest of Britain, could never have happened or been dreamed of. Instead of the healthy and vigorous barbarians who crossed over to found a new Teutonic world in the Celtic island, the Angles and Saxons of the fifth century would have been Roman provincials speaking a Roman tongue. The Elbe, perhaps the Eider, would have been set as thick with Roman colonies and settlements as the Rhine and the Mosel. The Low-German speech, which one set of conquests made the tongue of Britain, which another set of conquests made the tongue of the southern shore of the Baltic, might perhaps have had about as much influence on the Romance of Northern

* Tacitus, *Germania*, 40. "Reudigni deinde et Aviones et Angli et Varini et Eudoses et Suardones et Nuthones fluminibus aut silvis manantur. Nec quidquam notabile in singulis, nisi quod in commune Heribam id est, Terram matrem, colunt, eamque intervenire rebus hominum, inveni p. pullis, arbitrantur." Tacitus, who has thus much to say about the Angles, does not speak of the Saxons. Ptolemy twice (II. 11, II, 31) mentions the Saxon name, but has nothing to say about the Angles.

Germany, as the old Celtic speech has had on the Romance of Central Gaul. Instead of speaking a Teutonic tongue in a Teutonic island, we might still be in our old home on the mainland, speaking a Romance tongue with possibly a Slavonic infusion. England could never have been; the name might indeed have lived on as the name of a petty corner of land among the fiords and islands of the Western Baltic; but the new England beyond the sea and the newer England beyond the Ocean could never have been heard of. The history of the English, no less than the history of the German people begins in the Teutoburg forest. The future destiny of our race became possible when Arminius smote down the legions of Varus. The Roman historian himself honours him as beyond doubt the liberator of Germany; * but in being the liberator of Germany he made it possible that Hengest and Cerdic should one day be the founders of England.

A train of thought like this can hardly fail to come into the mind of any one to whom history is a whole, as he stands on the heights of Saalburg and looks out from the Roman fortress, over the Roman wall, into that free German land which that fortress and that wall stand as the confession of Rome that she could never conquer. But the same train of thought might come into the mind at any point along the whole line of the Roman defences. But associations less vague and more local cleave to the Saalburg itself. Next to the scene of the great deliverance itself among the hills between the Ems and the Weser, no spot, there seems every reason to believe, played a greater part in the struggle than that on which we are now standing. There is little reason to doubt that the height of Saalburg has been trodden both by the earliest champion of our race and by the noblest invaders that the lands of Latin speech ever sent against us. Drusus, in his conquering march into the heart of Germany, had established a post on Taunus. With the recovery of freedom under Arminius the badge of foreign rule was swept away; but when Germanicus came to restore the work of his father, the fortress which his father had reared was set up again.†

That Saalburg was the actual point of Taunus where the fort of Drusus was placed can of course not be proved to demonstration. But the conjecture has every probability on its side. The fortress which was thought worthy of special care by the Roman generals and of special notice by the Roman historian can hardly fail to have been that which clearly was the strongest and most important point along the line of the *Pfahlgraben*. And this beyond doubt is Saalburg. We may therefore safely set down Saalburg as being the place which Drusus and Germanicus chose as the main stronghold of Rome in these regions. Nor does there seem to be any reasonable doubt that it is the Artaunon of Ptolemy.* But further than this, there seem to be no distinct notice of the place in history. That so it should be is not wonderful. We must not look for much geographical precision during that long time of the Imperial history when we are driven to get most of our facts from the epitomators, Greek and Latin. And when Rome has again a historian in Ammianus, we have got to times when Saalburg was doubtless almost as thorough a wreck as we see it now. We may be sure that the Roman occupation of the Taunus had come to an end long before the times when independent Germans sacked the great Roman cities on the left bank of the Rhine. It was enough for Julian again to establish the Rhenish boundary by his victory at Strassburg. The first prince who ever set forth from Paris on a German campaign deemed it a great matter to keep up, how he best might, a single fortress — an Imperial Breisach — at some unknown point on the independent side of the stream.† Valentinian again crossed the Rhine and established another outpost of the same kind on the heights above the Neckar. But an outpost on the Neckar is of itself a sign that the dominion of Rome on the Lahn and the Main had passed away. And Valentinian showed no less how far and no further he carried his real hopes of lasting dominion, when he deemed it needful to line the Rhine itself with strong defences from the Rätian mountains to the Ocean.‡

* II. 11, 29.

† Ammianus, xvii. 2. "Dum nullus obsteret, munimentum quod in Alamannorum solo conditum Trajanus suo nomine voluit appellari, dudum violentine oppugnatum tumultuario studio reparatum est; locatigue ibi pro tempore defensoribus, ex barbarorum visceribus alimenta congesta sunt."

‡ Ammianus, xxvii. 10; xxviii. 2. "Valentinianus magna animo concipiens et utilia, Rhenum omnem a Lætiarum exordio adusque fretalem Oceanum mag-

* Tacitus, Annals, ii. 88. "Liberator haud dubie Germaniae."

† Tacitus, Annals, i. 56. "Germanicus . . . posito castello super vestigia paterni praedidit in monte Tauno, expeditum exercitum in Catos rapit." In the Annals, xii. 21, there is another reference to the Taunus as a point occupied by the Romans.

To one who really grasps history as a whole, who really takes in the full bearing of those wonderful times when it is equally true to say that the German conquered Rome and that Rome conquered the German, the charm of association is perhaps even greater in tracking out the steps of Valentinian, and yet more the steps of Julian, than in tracking out the steps of Drusus and Germanicus. The true historic interest of the works of the men who had to defend the dominion of Rome against German invasion is at least as great as any that can belong to the works of men who strove to make Germany subject to Rome. A work of Julian repaired by Valentinian would call up as long a train of thought as a work of Drusus repaired by his son. But, as we have seen, the few historical notices which we can with any approach to certainty connect with the Saalburg belong to the earlier period. And there is no antiquarian evidence which at all leads us to fix any of the works at Saalburg to the days after Constantine. Such evidence as we have, that of the coins and inscriptions which have been found there, certainly suggests the belief that the Saalburg was forsaken at a much earlier time.* There seem to be none later than the time of the Gordians, while most of them belong to what we may call the Antonine period. That is, if we may extend that name to the reigns of the princes who were or professed to be of the House of Severus, and who thought good to adorn themselves with the name which had been borne by Pius and Marcus. So far as these facts prove anything they might lead us to doubt whether the fortress belongs to the earlier days of the Empire, and whether we should not see in a work of Trajan or his age, one of the fruits perhaps of the diligent wanderings of the restless Hadrian. But they certainly lead us to think that the Saalburg did not remain a Roman stronghold much after the middle

of the third century. One thing is certain, that, whoever was the founder of the fortress, its arrangements were at some later time wholly changed, and changed in several points into forms differing from the arrangements commonly followed in Roman encampments. The details have been carefully worked out in a pamphlet by a local antiquary to which I have referred in a note. The position of the *Via Principalis*, the great transverse street which crossed the camp, has been changed, and changed to a less usual place. And it is a detail well worthy of notice, that one of the usual gates of the *Prætorium*, namely that nearest to the *Pfahlgraben*, that, in short, which faced the enemy, is left out. Into the technical details of the remains I will not presume to enter; I have not enough knowledge of the minutest points of Roman military architecture to risk an opinion as to any theories which may be formed from these appearances as to the date or object of the changes which have plainly taken place. The history of Saalburg, as we can make it out from either documentary or archaeological evidence, seems to come to this. The Roman fortress of Artaunum was founded by Drusus, was destroyed by Arminius, and restored by Germanicus. At some time in its history great and remarkable changes were made in its internal arrangements. It was in full and uninterrupted Roman occupation during the latter half of the second century and the first half of the third. After the time of the Gordians (238-244), there is no direct evidence of either kind to tell us anything as to the fate of the fortress. But this very lack of evidence, combined with what we know of the course of warfare in Germany in the fourth century, makes it almost certain that Artaunum was lost to Rome at some time in the century between the Gordians and Julian, and was never won back again.

Such is the history of the Saalburg, a history meagre enough, but still one which makes it a living and speaking witness of the long struggle of the Latin-speaking powers — of Rome, or more truly of Gaul under Roman dominion — to bring the free tribes of Germany under their yoke. But the history of the past is always clothed with a further interest when we can closely connect it with the present. I at least never felt more truly that history is one thing, that the struggle of Dutch and Welsh* from the first Cæsar onwards is

nis molibus communiebat, castra extollens altius et castella turresque assiduas per habiles locos et opportunos, qua Galliarum extenditur longitudo: nonnunquam etiam ultra flumen adificiis positâ subradens barbaros fines." The historian goes on to tell how a fortress by the Neckar ("munimentum celsum et tutum, quod ipse a primis fundarat auspiciis, præterlabente Nicro nomine fluvio") was in danger from its position; he both turned the course of the river and raised another fortress on a neighbouring height ("trans Rhenum in monte Piri, qui barbaricis locis est, munimentum extruere disposuit rapidum").

* A list of them is given in a pamphlet by Dr. K. Rosel. "Das Pfahlgraben-Castell Saalburg bei Homburg. Wiesbaden, 1871." Pp. 5-8. Dr. Rosel describes the existing remains at length.

* I of course use these words in the old and wide

one thing, than when I saw the spot where Arminius had overthrown the fortress of Drusus trodden by men who had themselves played their part in that mighty act of the great drama which has just been wrought beneath our own eyes. I had the good luck to see Saalburg on a day which seemed to bring both ends of the story near together. A party of German soldiers, men who, like Arminius, had helped to drive back the invader from the soil of Germany, men who, like him, in freeing Germany, had helped to free England and mankind, were gathered, as they might have been in the days of Arminius, among the ruins of the fortress which was reared to hold Germany in bondage to men of Latin speech. Like the soldiers of Rome herself, they could wield spade and pickaxe as well as more deadly weapons. Spade and pickaxe had been plied that day in bringing the remains of the ancient fortress more thoroughly to light. Nor were those who wielded them dealt with as mere machines, as mere hands, pretty much on a level with the tools which they wielded. The German soldiers who were set to dig for the traces of past times within the walls of the Saalburg were set to do it as a reasonable service. When their work was done, one of the officers of the party got up, and in a clear voice and style which could be followed even by those who were not very familiar with spoken German, explained to his men what the place was where they had been working, what was its history, and what was the meaning of the different parts of the building and of the remains which they had been working to bring to light. It was something to hear the deeds of Arminius told in his own tongue on a spot which had beheld them by men who had had their own share in the same work as his after eighteen hundred and sixty years. I could not help saying to myself, "This is *Geist*. If these men are ever called on to beat Frenchmen again, they will beat them all the better for hearing this." I fancy some shallow loungers, glad to cover his own ignorance of history and incapacity of thought, crying out "Antiquarian rubbish." For antiquarian rubbish I have as thorough a contempt as any man. The whole doings of both Buonapartes, their Consulates, their Empires, their Senates, their Plebiscites, their babble about Cæsar and Clovis and Charlemagne, and, grandest of all, the

carrying of the Bayeux Tapestry to Paris to make Frenchmen with a Corsican at their head fancy that they had some share in the man who smote them at Varaville — all this is antiquarian rubbish of a truth. But when the same great struggle has been going on for ages, when the Latin-speaking lords of Gaul, whether the seat of their power has been at Rome or at Paris, have from the very beginning, whenever they have had the means, carried on one long warfare against independent Germany, it is no antiquarian rubbish to compare the latest stages of the struggle with the earliest. The Buonapartes of course represent the Cæsars, so far as they are all members of the same order, that order of which the Dionysii in one age of the world and the Visconti in another were members hardly less eminent. But they represent the Cæsars in any direct and special way only so far as they have played their part in carrying on that long warfare of Latin-speaking Gaul against Germany, of which the Roman occupation of Saalburg marks one stage and the German recovery of Strassburg marks a stage the other way. In this point of view, and in this point of view only, we may give the Buonapartes, as well as to the Valois and the Bourbons, the credit, such as it may be, of representing Drusus and Germanicus as aggressors on the freedom of Germany.

Another train of thought may be suggested by the scene which I saw on the Saalburg. An army is an evil in whatever land it is found, but in some lands an army is a necessary evil. Till the Ethiopian shall change his skin and the leopard his spots, armies cannot be got rid of on the mainland of Europe. As long as France still keeps any trace either of the will or of the power to play the part which she has gone on playing for so many ages, so long Germany must stand ready for her own defence. In our own island the need of an army is less clear. A strong navy and a well-trained militia may well be thought to be force enough for a land which has no frontier but the Ocean. But if we are to have an army, we may surely learn something as to the way of dealing with it from what I saw and heard at Saalburg. A German soldier is dealt with as a reasonable being. He is held to be capable of understanding the past history of his country, capable of giving willing and intelligent help in exploring and preserving the existing traces of that history. Every German soldier who used his spade within the old fortress and listened to the explanation of what that fortress was, must have felt

sense, like the German *Deutsch* and *Walach*. We have lost much in point of clearness by confining the names to the Dutch of Holland and the Welsh of Britain.

himself raised as a man and a citizen by so doing. Why should not English soldiers, if there are to be any, be raised in the same way? We have sites enough to explore of no less importance to the history of our land than Saalburg is to the history of Germany. We have officers in our army—I could name more than one of my own knowledge—as well able to explain those antiquities to those under their command as the German officer whom I heard at Saalburg. But I should much like to know whether the idea of so doing ever came into their heads or into the heads of those higher in command than themselves. It would be a gain in more ways than one if those ancient monuments of the land which we, alone among civilized nations, leave to private caprice to destroy, to preserve, or explore at pleasure, could be thoroughly examined, and their minutest details brought to light, by the labour of those whom the nation pays, and from whom it ought to receive some service even in time of peace. A German soldier is surely a better German for giving his help in exploring the stronghold of the Roman conqueror of his forefathers. An English soldier would surely be the better Englishman if he were set to work in the like sort within the walls of Anderida, the scene of the crowning victory of the South-Saxon and of the landing of the Norman, where the Roman city and the Norman castle* stand alike empty and desolate, but where the homes and churches of Englishmen, near but not within the Roman fortress, have outlived the memory alike of the Briton whom they conquered and of the Norman who conquered them.

From Saalburg, the speaking witness of the long struggle which reaches from Cæsar and Ariovistus to the events of two years past, it was not unfitting to pass to the one spot on all which two years ago was German soil which was a witness of the latest scene of that struggle. It was not wholly of set purpose that the next place after Saalburg which I stopped to examine was Saarbrücken. But I was not sorry to pass thus, as it were at a single stage, from the beginning of the long story to what is as yet its ending. A long and roundabout journey leads from the heights

of Taunus to the banks of the Saar, as a long tale of ups and downs on either side leads from the days of the Claudii to the days of the Buonapartes. But it is well to see the two ends of the struggle as it were at a glance. I set out from a spot which showed how the German race, in the very beginning of its history, was already able to hold its own against the might of Rome in the days of her greatest power. I went thence to a spot which showed how the German race now can do more than hold its own against invaders of Roman speech who come on the old Roman errand. The only weak point of the comparison is the intense grotesqueness of the modern side of it, which makes it hard to bring the two together without a laugh. There is some difference between an invasion which presses on by land and sea from the Rhine to the Elbe and an invasion which proclaims itself about to do wonders on the Spree and ends in a few days' visit to the Saar. There is some difference between the toils and dangers which the old legions faced among the hills and woods and marshes of uncleared Germany* and the easy exploit of crossing an undefended frontier and firing on an unfortified town. In each case Germany was attacked by a father and a son. But there is some difference between the Drusus to whom men looked for the restoration of Roman freedom and the Buonaparte by whom the freedom of France had been overthrown. And there is a wider difference still between Germanicus in all his glory and the trembling schoolboy who was dragged to receive his baptism of fire at Saarbrücken and its confirmation on the heights of Speicherern. Drusus left his trophy by the Weser; the only trophy which a Buonaparte has left behind him by the Saar is the stone reared by German hands to preserve the memory of "Lulu's erste debut." No antiquary of times to come will find at Saarbrücken such rich relics and speaking witnesses of the last inroad of the Latin race as Saalburg pours forth with such abundance to commemorate the first. We stand on the heights which two years back were crowned by the cannon of the invader. We look down on the river, on the peaceful streets, on the houses and churches among which we have to peer curiously for any sign that an enemy has been among them. We look back to the opposite heights, now once

* I do not remember that there is in Pevensey Castle any work technically of Norman date, but, whether there is or not, the castle represents the presence of the Normans, just as the walls represent the presence of the Romans, and the two villages and their churches that of the English. The Briton alone has left no sign.

* Dion. iv. 1. ἐς τὴν τῶν Χιττῶν ἐσέβαλε [ν δ' Ἀρουσίου] καὶ προήλθε μέχρι τῆς Σουηβίας, ἣν τε ἐν ποσὶν οὐκ ἀταλαιπώρος χειροῖνενος καὶ τοῖς, προσμυγνύντας οὐκ ἀναμνηστὶ κρατῶν.

more German soil, and we see the spot where the German nation, arising in all the might of its righteous cause, drove back the invaders from the few roods of German ground which were all that he could hold even for a moment. And in the dale between the two hills we look down on the one sad memorial which the last visit of the Latin race has left in Germany. We see the graves where the vanquished invaders and the triumphant deliverers lie side by side, and we think of the guilt of the man on whose head the blood of invaders and deliverers alike rests. Perhaps our thoughts run on further. At Saarbrücken, fresh from Saalburg, the mind may well pass swiftly over the long ages which have come and gone between Germanicus and Buonaparte. We may think perhaps, not only of deeds of wrong or harm done on either side, but of the moment when all wrongs on both sides were forgotten, in the face of a more fearful scourge. We may think of the moment when all men of Aryan race and Christian faith felt themselves brethren in the presence of a heathen and Turanian invader; when Roman and Goth and Frank marched forth together to stem the wasting course of Attila, in the crowning mercy of the Catalaunian fields. And with the happy brotherhood of Aëtius and Theodoric in that day's struggle we may contrast the later deeds of Most Christian Kings, who brought the pirates of Barbary into the havens of Genoa and Nizza, and leagued with the Turk to point his cannon against the ramparts of Belgrade and Vienna. And we may contrast too the doings of later Eldest Sons of the Church, who have brought their Zouaves and Turcos to harry Christian and civilized lands. We may think of the long age of endless aggression, of the men who stole Metz in one century and Strassburg in the next, of those who sent the Protestants of France to the stake, while they stirred up wars to protect the rights of the Protestants of Germany. We may see the burning ruins of Speier and Worms and Heidelberg; we may see the bones of the Cæsars cast out of their graves in the plundered and desecrated minster, to glut the spite of the pious King for whom such exploits as these so worthily won the title of the Great. We may look on to days nearer to our own, to days when, not only Mainz and Worms and Speier, not only Trier and Köln and Aachen, but Bremen, Hamburg, and Lübeck had passed under the dominion of the enemy, and when, by a yet deeper fall, German princes stooped to ac-

cept crowns from the invader of their country, and to hail him as their Protector against the still lawful King of Germany. And we may look also on the days of vengeance past and present. We may look back to the old times, when the barriers of Julian and Valentinian were swept away, when Gaul was parcelled out among German masters, when Rheims beheld the baptism of a German conqueror, and Paris became for a moment the seat of a German dominion. And we may think too of the days before Gaul had again parted herself from the German rule,* when Rome and Germany were one, and when the Lord of Rome and Aachen stooped once or twice in his reign to show his face in such lowly cities as Rouen, Tours, and Paris. We may see the first prince of the new nation and the new speech, the first French King that ever reigned in Paris, Odo himself, the champion alike of Paris and of Christendom, receive his new-made crown as a gift from the German Arnulf, while not yet a Roman Emperor, but a simple German King. We may see one Otto encamping alike beneath the walls of Paris and the walls of Rouen, and the host of another Otto startling the Duke of the French and his Frenchmen by the mighty echo of the Hallelujah of Montmartre. And our thoughts may thence pass on to days nearer to our own, when, after the darkest hour of bondage, the German people arose as one man, how they drove the stranger from their soil, how they bore their part in the great vengeance, and marched into conquered Paris with the united hosts of liberated Europe. And one thought still is left to fill up the whole cycle. Three years before I stood on the hill of Saarbrücken I had stood in the stately palace of Rheims, among the goodly chambers with their goodly furniture, which for more than forty years had been waiting for a King to dwell in them. I could not deem then that, before a year had passed, a King should dwell in them indeed. The wheel had indeed come round again when German William dwelled in the home of German Hlodwig, and when Remigius might look down from the walls of his own minster† to greet a conqueror who needed not his converting hand. We pass on to

* Gunther, *Ligurianus*, lib. 1.

"Et simul a nostro secessit Gallia regno,
Nos priscum regni morem servamus."

† I do not mean the Abbey of St. Remigius dedicated to him after his death, but the metropolitan church, the successor of his own church when in the flesh.

one scene more, to that great day in the annals of the world when the throne of Henry of Sarony and Rudolf of Habsburg was again set up, when German princes and people hailed the chief of united Germany within the very hall of the man who had given German cities to the flames and had cast out the dust of German Cæsars from their graves.

Such is the long train of thought which is called up by the sight of two spots so memorable in ages far away from each other as Saalburg and Saarbrücken. And one thought more cannot be kept down. In the great deliverance of the days of our fathers we had our share with our brethren. The men of the Teutonic mainland and the men of the Teutonic island fought side by side in the righteous struggle. It was not by England alone, nor by Germany alone, but by England and Germany joined together in the bonds of brotherhood, that the first Buonaparte was at last beaten to the earth. In the great deliverance of our own day we have had no share; the second Buonaparte has been overthrown by the single arm of Germany. We had no share in the work, but at least we need not look askance at those who have worked for us as well as for themselves. But for the deeds of Arminius, England had never been; but for the deeds of later Germans, England would have had to do battle singly with the common disturber of the world. But for the great salvation of two years past, the man who had smitten Russia and Austria and Germany would assuredly have before long stretched forth his hands to smite England also. The man who had told the world that he had Waterloo to avenge would never have been content with avenging it on the countrymen of Blücher only. If the light-hearted ones had marched in triumph to Berlin, the turn of London would have come next. From this our brethren of the mainland have saved us. They have laboured, and we have entered into their labours. Why then do we hang back, and refuse to share in their joy and thankfulness for their righteous victories? I know of nothing stranger than the way in which English feeling turned about in the course of the great struggle in which Germany stood forth as the common champion of mankind. At first the heart of England beat for the righteous cause. Then, all at once, simply, as it would seem, because

for once might and right were found to go together, Englishmen turned round and proclaimed their sympathy for the aggressors who were receiving the due reward of their deeds. Men strangely seemed to see danger to ourselves in the victories which freed us from the greatest of dangers. They began, without cause, without reason, to suspect some evil purpose in the men who were fighting the battles of mankind, who were crushing the power which had for so many ages been the disturbing element in Europe. By the way in which so many English speakers and writers allow themselves to speak of everything German, we are fast making enemies of a nation which, two years ago, valued our friendship and rejoiced in our sympathy. To minds of this kind the appeal to kindred blood and speech, to a friendship a thousand years old and more, to all that binds nations together which have shared in the overthrow of Bouvine, and in the victory of Waterloo, might seem only "antiquarian rubbish." Yet it would be hard for any man to show any point in which English and German interests clash, any point in which Germany, her union and her victories, are in any way dangerous to England. Germany will be our friend, if we will only let her; if she becomes our enemy, it will be wholly our own doing. Deep indeed is the sin of the men who stir up causeless strife, of the men above all who stir up strife between two nations whose hearts ought to be as one. Deep is the sin of the men who can seek by pestilent buffoonery to set brethren at variance and to jeopard the hardly won peace of the world. Next to the guilt of the men who madly rush into an unrighteous war comes the guilt of the men who can trifle away the peace and good will of nations by jests like the Battle of Dorking and Dame Europa's School. Next to the crime of the man who hides a real danger comes the crime of the man who proclaims a false one. The real danger passed away when the work which began at Speicheren was brought to its happy end at Paris. The men who overthrew Varus and the men who overthrew the Buonapartes were men fighting in one cause, and that cause was the cause of England as well as of Germany. Alike within the *Pfahlgraben* of Saalburg, and on the undefended heights of Saarbrücken, it is not only German but English history that has been wrought out.

From The Contemporary Review.

SIR G. C. LEWIS'S LETTERS.*

FEW recent lives of Englishmen are so worthy to be set on record for the example of posterity as that of Sir George Cornwall Lewis. It was so balanced and sustained; such an honest life of work, gradually and surely winning its own reward, and demonstrating that the race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong. A weak physique never suggested to him an excuse for indolence; a singular modesty never interfered with the earnest pursuit of high aims in his works and acts; a consistent gentleness and dislike of giving offence never prevented his holding his own opinion, and holding it so that, sooner or later, he was generally found to be in the right. And what animated his whole career was rather perseverance than genius; there were no brilliant *coups*, though there were manifold instances of the triumph of plain sound judgment based on a careful survey of precedents. Gifted with a clear head, a spirit of research, and a calm judicial mind, he achieved by industry, system, and steadfast conscientiousness, an eminence far higher than the high station† in which he was born, and left behind him a name, of which his country is justly proud, in the annals of its statesmanship and its literature.

A collection of letters, however complete, cannot hope to serve instead of a biography; but it may furnish valuable materials for it, and it may be of considerable use in confirming some preconceptions, and correcting or modifying others, which the outer world has formed concerning the character they illustrate. And such is certainly the case in the published correspondence, with which Sir Gilbert Lewis has, with brotherly pride and a just estimate of its interest, seen fit to favour the public. Written in the main to friends entirely like-minded, it eschews garnish and adornment, it unfolds the whole man, it distinguishes the devotion

to literature, which from first to last was unabated in him, from the duty and service, which, from force of circumstances, he was led to tender, well, ably, and truly, to politics and state-administration. Of the two concurrent careers, the latter may seem to have had most part in securing him the high reputation which had by no means reached its highest at the time of his premature decease; but the former, as we see by his letters, was the mistress of his choice, the divinity that stood by his side to cheer him under political discouragements; to delight the leisure which, by good husbandry of time, he was always able to count upon and ensure; and, above all, to furnish him from her ancient store-houses with parallels and precedents of exceeding helpfulness in determining the course to be adopted at any political crisis. It was, no doubt, quite as well for his fame that habituation with the work of Government Commissions should have supplied him from early manhood with an ever-increasing fund of practical knowledge and observation, but beneath and at the back of this lay the store from which it was "second nature" with him to draw. The experience gotten from books and the wisdom of the ancients might, by itself have proved an insufficient viaticum; but, with the superadded knowledge of men and societies and countries which came in the course of a statesman's career, it availed to achieve for Sir George Lewis a credit for far-sightedness with all classes of his countrymen, with men of business and men of politics, no matter whether they were Liberal or Conservative.* And one chief interest in the Letters before us consists in the illustrations they afford of this dominant passion.

The first letter in the volume introduces us to a lad of twelve writing to his mother from Eton. A sensible and readable letter it is, unlike the hazy despatches of boys of his age, and exhibiting the germ of a critical faculty in the account of his Shake-

* *Letters of the Right Hon. G. C. Lewis, Bart., to Various Friends.* Edited by his Brother, the Rev. Sir GILBERT FRANKLAND LEWIS, Bart., Canon of Worcester. LONDON: LONGMANS. 1870.

† Sir George Lewis came of a stock which had for a century and more contributed to the representation of its native county and borough in Parliament. His father, Mr. Frankland Lewis, who was a cultivated man of society and of letters, held subordinate offices in the governments of Mr. Caning and the Duke of Wellington, and after his resignation of the Chief Commissionership of the Poor Law Board, was created a baronet by Sir Robert Peel. On his mother's side he was allied to the families of Cornwall and Devereux.

* In a very interesting study of Sir G. C. Lewis's life in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* (Aug. 1870), from the pen of M. Challemeil Lacour, we find corroboration of our own estimate, though we cannot subscribe to the opinion that "il avait pour la vie publique l'aptitude sans la vocation." The French critic, however, holds truly that his real deep love was for science, though this love, so far from being exclusive, was made to subserve an active interest in the affairs of his country. In a comparison of Lewis with De Tocqueville, he finds the latter defective in the classical reading and tastes, and the commerce with the ancients which gave such breadth and largeness and liberality to the statesmanship of the former (pp. 811-12). In another place the writer expresses a doubt whether "politiques" had not, for their chief attraction in Sir George's eyes, their value as a commentary on his studies.

sperian reading. One can see in it that he would fain "strip the tree of knowledge," if he were allowed by its custodians. But his zeal is kept in check by the dilatoriness of his form-master. "I have not been looked over a single exercise for more than a fortnight, and since I have been read over by Knapp, he has only looked over one copy of lyrics and a theme of mine, so that I have no chance of being sent up this time." (p. 4.) Not that the discouragement alluded to in this sentence (which he tells his mother she need not copy out for his brother's inspection) was sufficient, as it would have been to many, to make him let verse-writing go hap-hazard or by default. Sir Gilbert alludes to his brother's Latin prize, or play, verses at a later period of his school-life; and any one who will refer to the latest instalment of the "*Musæ Etonenses*," put forth in 1870, may find two Latin poems of "Lewis major," exhibiting remarkable neatness and some fancy, and one of them, "Hannibal looking down on the plains of Italy," displaying a mastery of sonorous eloquence upon paper, which his greatest admirers would admit he never attained in word of mouth. It is not probable that he cultivated versification after emerging from the *status pupillaris*, or otherwise than as a means to the end of accuracy and precision of style and language; but his letter to his father from Switzerland, written in the interval between leaving Eton and entering Christ Church, Oxford, shows — by its interest in the Duchess of Devonshire's "Virgil" at the Lausanne public library, and in Dr. Cramer's then recently published "Hannibal's Passage of the Alps," — a ripening of the scholar, quite as remarkable as the tokens of a future statesman discernible in his reference to the "turn and turn-about" plan of the same place of worship for Roman Catholic and Protestant at Lausanne and Geneva, as a good example for the Irish (p. 8). Of his Oxford career, crowned with a first-class in classics — he would have got his double-first but for the rupture of a blood-vessel before the second examination — and with a studentship at Christ Church, which received from its distinguished *alumnus* fully as much honour as it conferred on him, we find no records in the published correspondence; but it was during that career that he formed one intimacy, at least, that lasted through life, and materially augmented that correspondence, his friendship with Sir Edmund Head. In his brief experience of the Oxford Circuit and the Common Law Bar, which weak health obliged him early to abandon,

one seems to hear more about the Philological Museum, and Head's contributions (on the root of *titulus* and some of its derivatives), and Lewis's copy of Buttman, than of briefs and sessions' practice, and such-like matters of fact. To this friend, colleague, and fellow-scholar, every letter of a life-long correspondence proceeds on a tacit understanding that the reader possesses the key to the writer's mind, that the one's books and reading are those of the other also, the one's thoughts the other's thoughts, and — owing to their being thrown together in the Poor Law Commission and other kindred practical matters — the one's experiences those also of the other. In 1854, when Sir Edmund is Governor-General of Canada, his friend, at that time Editor of the *Edinburgh Review*, writes thus to him of the siege of Sebastopol: "If you have got a Thucydides or Grote's History of Greece, you will find in Nicias's despatch from Syracuse a curious parallel to the present state of things at Sebastopol, where he says that the Athenians who came out as besiegers, have become the besieged. It is to be hoped the parallel will end here. At all events, Lord Raglan will not sacrifice his army to an eclipse of the moon" (pp. 285-6). And two or three years earlier a passage in another of his letters to the same friend in the Colonies, touches a common chord of sympathy, which students well know how to appreciate: "I have given your commission to Cochrane, who undertakes to execute it. It must be confessed that books are very cheap, if one watches one's opportunity. The difference between buying a book when it is in the market, and ordering a book is simply immense. Foreign books in England are the cheapest of all when they are not new" (p. 232).

But long before their correspondence had reached the point indicated in these letters, they had compared notes on Homeric words and English diminutives in the Philological Museum,* in supplying the matter for which both were *collaborateurs* of Hare and Thirlwall; an excellent school of criticism, wherein apparently Sir George Lewis was the more assiduous, if not the more apt, scholar of the two. In the winter of 1832, which, after quitting the Bar, his health compelled him to pass

* Sir Gilbert Lewis is in error when he says in p. 12 that his brother contributed to the "*Museum Criticum*," the two volumes of which were published in 1814 and 1823. Sir George Lewis at the latter date would have been but twenty years of age. The Classical Museum, of which Sir G. C. Lewis was one of the most active promoters and writers, belongs to a very much later date.

in the South of France, these pursuits must have as delightfully varied his task of studying the manners, customs, and government of the country of his enforced sojourn, as at a later period, when he was nearing the climax of his statesmanship, the editing of "Babrius," and composing his "Astronomy of the Ancients," agreeably relieved his mind from the strife and struggles of politics, and ministered the relaxation that commoner natures would find in grousing or deer-stalking. Our concern in this paper is rather with the *littérateur* than the politician; but, as from 1834 to 1863, the date of his decease, Sir George Lewis was almost constantly engaged on Commissions, in office, or in Parliamentary life, it is impossible not to refer in passing to the various employments of a public nature, which, while occupying a large portion of his daily life, never availed to thrust out the cultivation of his master-passion, literary study and research. It was in 1834 that he was named to act upon a Commission to inquire into the condition of the poorer Irish resident in England and in Scotland; and in the same year, before this inquiry was concluded, he was placed upon a Commission to inquire into the state of Church property and Church affairs generally in Ireland. The results of his observations and inquiries, extending over two years, are recorded in Blue Books, as well as in two essays on "Irish Disturbances" and "Irish Church" matters, published in 1836; and to examine them in retrospect from our present outlook, cannot but be intensely interesting. In page 45 of the Letters, we find a letter from Sir George, at Berlin, to his father, alluding to "certain queries on the management of ecclesiastical matters in Prussia," which the former had drawn up. At the time when, now four years ago, the question of disendowment and disestablishment was rife, we recollect to have come upon a Blue Book of the date of 1836, containing the replies to these questions, and prefaced by a report of Sir George Lewis, in which he calls attention to the collateral establishment and State support in Prussia of the Lutheran and Roman Catholic religions, as a precedent of great value and importance in dealing with the vexed question of the Irish Churches. Unfortunately, perhaps, so much had happened between 1836 and 1863, that such a solution of the Church difficulty was no longer possible; but that it was contemplated by Sir George Lewis there can be no doubt; whilst of extreme measures he says nothing in his corre-

spondence, unless it be in a letter to Sir Edmund Head in 1845, where he notices "a curious pamphlet by Baptist Noel, recommending the Voluntary system for the Irish Protestant Church." "It is addressed," he writes, "to the Bishop of Cashel, who must be highly pleased with it!" (p. 143). In the autumn of 1836, he was induced by the charm of having Mr. Austin, the jurist, for colleague, and by the hope of benefit to his still delicate lungs from a dry and warm climate, to accept a joint-commissionership to inquire into the government of, and administration of justice in, Malta.* From thence are written some of his most interesting letters, and there he enjoyed the society of Mrs. Austin, an accomplished and intellectual lady, who, before and after his Maltese sojourn, shared with Sir Edmund Head the privilege of his chief correspondence.

Returning to England in 1838, he succeeded, in 1839, to the Chief Poor Law Commissionership, then vacated by his father, who had held it with credit and ability from the first establishment of the New Poor Law; and in that office he was associated with his friend Sir Edmund Head, as a colleague. For about eight years they had to meet, as best they might, the attacks of Parliamentary opponents of the system, and to endure, withal, the disaffection of their secretary, Mr. Chadwick. Sir George's letters of this date abundantly prove that the Poor Law Board was in his time anything but a bed of roses; and he must have rejoiced in unwonted freedom from annoyance, when in 1847 he resigned his Commissionership, as much as in the opportunity of self-justification which he acquired by his election in the same year as one of the Members for Herefordshire. Later in that year he was made Secretary of the Board of Control by Lord John Russell, his late colleague obtaining about the same time the Lieutenant-Governorship of New Brunswick. In the following year he was transferred to the Home Office, as Under Secretary, an office involving closer attendance, at the same time that it implied

* In the article, already referred to, of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, the writer observes that during this involuntary exile the scholar did not lie idle. "Lewis est un excellent menager du temps; il sait utiliser, jusqu'aux plus courts intervalles, les minutes en jetant sur le papier des notes rapides qu'il retrouve ensuite, les heures en se livrant à des lectures méthodiques. Lorsque les livres et le papier lui manquent, en voyage, dans le carrosse du verrou, dans le salon d'attente du médecin, sa mémoire contient une bibliothèque qu'il passe incessamment en revue" (p. 818).

increased importance. In 1850, he was advanced still higher, to be the Financial Secretary of the Treasury. A rapid rise for any man, however able, within the first three years of his Parliamentary life; but it is to be borne in mind that his assiduity in the discharge of his various commissionerships had already so thoroughly made itself felt by successive Governments, that when, on quitting office in June, 1846, Sir Robert Peel pressed upon his father, Mr. Frankland Lewis, the offer of a Baronetcy, it was to mark the Government's high sense of the value of the public services of *both father and son*. Failing to secure his re-election for Herefordshire, and an alternative seat at Peterborough, at the general election of 1852, he retired for a while from the political arena, and passed the next three years of his life in the, to him, undisguisedly preferable work of editing the *Edinburgh Review*. In 1855, his father's death opened the easy way to a seat for the Radnor Boroughs, and, taking it with regret and reluctance, he had scarcely shaken hands with the Returning Officer after his election, and gone back to town, when he was called upon to succeed Mr. Gladstone as Chancellor of the Exchequer, in Lord Palmerston's Government, and had again to invoke at New Radnor the services of the same functionary. How, with the exception of a year's interval (1858-1859), during which Lord Derby held office, Sir George Lewis, from this time till the end of his life, discharged the higher offices of the Cabinet, waiving, in the interests of his party and in favour of Mr. Gladstone, the Chancellorship of the Exchequer, to which Lord Palmerston had again nominated him in 1859, and exchanging the Home Secretaryship, upon which he then entered, for the War Department, in which he continued till his death, in 1863 — is all matter of too recent history to require other notice than simple reminder. Such is a brief sketch of a public career, actuated and sustained by a paramount sense of duty. It cannot be doubted that had he opened his ears to the siren, inclination, the theoretic and speculative life of a scholar would at any time have won him to its charms. Few men of his mark and antecedents could be credited with sincerity, if, on return to Parliament, and, as it turned out, on the eve of a seat in the Cabinet, they wrote, as he wrote to Mr. Greg (Feb. 14, 1855), "My desire for office at present is scarcely above freezing-point." That with him they were unaffected words of truth and soberness, is

avouched alike by his guilelessness of character and his repeated enunciations of the same sentiment throughout his correspondence. Writing to Mrs. Austin in 1861, he, perhaps, understates his feelings on the subject. I am much obliged to you for your kind advice, and am very glad that anything I have lately said in Parliament has given you satisfaction. I fear it has not been of much importance. My health has been better of late; but if I thought that it was materially affected by my present mode of life, I should not hesitate in giving it up; it would cost me nothing, as far as my own tastes and inclinations are concerned, but rather the reverse" (p. 397).

It was probably much better as it was. Literature did not suffer: for the statesman's experience and extended view must have added to the practical value of the scholar's lucubrations; and politics were a decided gainer by one who could so soundly reinforce modern measures and arguments by authority from the wisdom of the ancients. Our own country is proud, and other countries undisguisedly envious, of the faculty that later English statesmen have developed of wedding literature with statecraft. Probably to none was this union so little of a toil, so entirely a pleasure, as to the writer of the letters before us. In a letter to the Editor of the *Edinburgh Review*, on Mr. Herman Merivale's review of Gladstone's "*Homeri Studies*," he evidently draws on personal experience when he refuses to see anything superhuman in a statesman devoting his spare time to literature. "In the first place," he writes, "it seems to me that Merivale's remarks upon the devotion by a man of business of his spare hours to literature, apply more to himself than to Gladstone. He is the working Under Secretary of the Colonial Office, bound to give the best part of every day to his official business. Gladstone has been out of office since February, 1855. During the recess his time is at his entire command. During the session he has much spare time" (p. 345). And though here it may be just to set down something to the industry that was a habit, and to the addiction to study which made it a relaxation, it must still be owned that no man was better able to assess the exact value of the contrasted "devotions" and devotees, than Sir George Lewis, who in the subordinate as well as in the chief offices of the State had never swerved from the daily cultivation of literature and scholarship. His great work "On the Credibility of Early Roman His-

tory,"—corrective of Niebuhr,* and antidotal to the "divination" principle of reading and writing history—was composed and published in the interval of withdrawal from Parliament and office between 1852 and 1855. But he had then the *Edinburgh* on his hands, and the letters during that period show how strenuous was his own work of contribution to its pages, and how constant his attention to its interests in suggesting and advising upon the contributions of others. And this was, perhaps, his least heavily-worked period. He could make light of his obstetrical services to the *Edinburgh*, whereas his experience, first and last, of the Home Office, is not seldom expressed by a groan. It was in higher office that he wrote his treatise on the "Astronomy of the Ancients," and his "Dialogue on the Best Form of Government," as well as that series of Essays "On the Administrations of Great Britain from 1783 to 1830," which, collected into a volume by Sir Edmund Head after their author's decease, establish his grasp of modern history and his critical interest in other annals than those of the Ancients. The second part of the "Fables of Babrius," formed an editorial occupation for him whilst out of office in 1859: but the first part bears the date of 1846, when he was still subject to the disquiet of the Poor Law Board. That work by itself would entitle him to foremost rank as a critical scholar, and fully justify Dean Milman's estimate of him, as "a man who not only might have aspired to the highest dignities in the State, but also have done honour, as Greek professor, to the most learned University in Europe."

With so much learning and experience, such a grasp of modern and ancient history, and a mind so trained to sift the motives of action and to divine the future by aid of the records of the past, it is little to be wondered that Sir George Lewis's judgment came to be regarded by his colleagues and countrymen in the light of an *οὐρανόθετος κρίσις*. Some critics, forsooth, of the Letters which his brother has edited, have not been slow to trumpet the discovery that, with all his sagacity, the writer more than once indulged in predictions, which events afterwards falsified. But what is there in this discovery, except that, in common with other mere mortals,

his judgment was fallible? And where among his contemporaries will they point out the public man, in whose instance this inevitable but possibly humiliating fact has been more often counterbalanced by singularly accurate conjectures, and by presages that have come true in the issue? Very early in the book we find him foreseeing, in a letter to his father in 1837, the result of the Government measures against Canada; and in the beginning of the next year the insurrection, which he prophesied, had to be suppressed. In a letter to Sir Edmund Head, dated August, 1848, he remarks as to the French Republic, "that people still talk of the Comte de Paris, and Louis Philippe, I am told, expects to be sent for every day; but I have no faith in a restoration." Twenty-four years have shown no reason for demurring to the accuracy of this judgment, nor even now, or even in the event of the demise of M. Thiers, can any sober man predict a restoration of the Bourbons or the Orleans family. Of the ex-Emperor of the French, too, his estimate was from the first a just one: neither depreciative, when his game was hazardous, nor prone to exaggeration, when success had assured his position and almost deified him in the eyes of those who once saw nothing in the prisoner of Ham. It was not much, perhaps, to predict the disfranchisement of the smaller boroughs; nor much more to divine, though at times it might have seemed otherwise, "that the Peelites and Protectionists would never reunite after Peel's death. But how thoroughly did he gauge men and events when he added as a rider to that prediction, "Upon Gladstone it will have the effect of removing a weight from a spring—he will come forward more, and take more part in discussion. The general opinion is, that Gladstone will renounce his free-trade opinions, and become leader of the Protectionists. I expect neither the one event nor the other. I do not believe that Gladstone will give up free-trade, nor do I think that Disraeli will submit to be displaced from the lead. Even his followers could hardly make such a proposition to him" (p. 227). And, later on, how truly did he foresee, after his visit to his Alma Mater as Examiner for the Ireland Scholarship in 1853, the liberalization of his Oxford supporters which would result from Mr. Gladstone's connection with the University; and the great changes which were in store for that seat of learning within the next ten years (p. 263). This seldom erring foresight was apparently a consequence of his careful

* "Lewis," says M. Chaillemel Lacour in the Review above referred to, "was one of the very few who could venture to expose the fragile nature of Niebuhr's structures." "C'est depuis Niebuhr que les premières époques de l'histoire Romaine sont devenues le domaine préféré des historiens à chimères" (p. 322).

scanning of the past in all its bearings, without bias of passion or partizanship. The latter habit is signally illustrated in his correspondence with Lord Aberdeen on the causes of the fall of Napoleon, as to which his views turned out to accord with those of that well-informed statesman and diplomatist, whilst in his correspondence with Lord Stanhope it appears that he viewed a great deal of Pitt's career with much the same eyes as that historian. But if Sir George Lewis had been oftener in the wrong as to his conjectures of the future (as in the case of the Russian war, in which matter he hoped against hope), there was that in his manner of putting these guesses at truth which should disarm the critics who find satisfaction in their falsification. They were always expressed with moderation, though without diffidence. Never was man more thoroughly modest without failing in just self-respect, or less inclined to arrogate to himself infallibility, despising the while the opinions of others. *Audi alteram partem* was a maxim he never overlooked. About his own published works, in the preparation of which nothing was neglected that could enhance their accuracy, whether by book-research or by discussion with men best qualified to throw light upon the special subject in question, he evinces in his letters a characteristic modesty. Of his "Influence of Authority in Matters of Opinion," (Parker, 1849,) he writes to Sir E. Head: "My book has been favourably reviewed in the *Examiner*, *Athenæum*, and some other newspapers, and nearly two hundred copies have been sold, which, as the subject is not a very attractive one, and the mode of treatment not intended to be popular, is quite as much as I could hope for. I had considerable difficulty in dealing with the question of Church Authority, and I am glad to find that Milman agrees with my chapter, who is an excellent judge of the matter" (p. 208). So of the sale of his book on Roman History, he speaks candidly and simply in p. 297. "About three hundred copies of it have been sold, which, for such a book, I consider very satisfactory." His eyes were never blinded by an author's dotage over his literary bantling. He was not solicitous of the kind of reputation that attracts a crowd. "Le travail," writes his French critic, "de ces écrivains austères n'est pas perdu, mais c'est un capital dormant, et la critique ne saurait avoir de meilleur service à rendre que d'essayer de le mettre en valeur" (p. 810). Nor was it different with his estimate of his own political meas-

ures. Of his first Budget in 1855, he writes to Sir Edmund Head with a candour and sobriety of tone remarkable under the circumstances. The city was full of his praises as a Chancellor of the Exchequer, and here was he (see pp. 294-5) attributing the success of his measure to the lucky temper of the *Times* and the favourable state of the money-market. To exalt self was wholly alien to his nature. It was the good fortune of the writer of this review to be present at the Radnorshire Quarter Sessions' dinner in January, 1863, when that country's "most distinguished son" returned thanks for his health having been drunk by the magistrates' mess at the instance of the chairman. Sir George had just presented his portrait, by Weigall, to the Judges' Lodgings attached to the Shire Hall. He had, of course, no reporters and a very limited audience; but the writer of these lines remembers, as though it were yesterday, the simple, genuine, unaffected language in which the then Secretary at War, whom his country was so soon to deplore as lost to its service, instilled into his hearers that the whole secret of his distinguished career had been the conscientious cultivation of fair, but not astonishing, gifts of mind; and laid it down, for the encouragement of his juniors around him, that with like application and like perseverance, the same eminence might be within the reach of themselves. There was no mock-modesty in this, put on for the occasion. You might have said so of other and lesser men, but Sir George's character and manner forbade the bare suspicion. Some time after his death, the writer mentioned to his widow, Lady Theresa Lewis, the impression which this after-dinner speech had made within its limited range. She said her husband had not alluded to it on his return home that night further than in reply to her query, "What did you do at Quarter Sessions?" to remark, "They were very kind at the mess, and drank my health." The above reminiscence may be forgiven, if it seem to savour of triviality, on the score of the impression which Sir George Lewis's language that evening made upon the writer, the impression of his thorough modesty, and yet thorough, though temperate, self-reliance. In the preface to the Letters under review, Sir Gilbert Lewis touches in passing upon his distinguished brother's simplicity of character, and further glances at his singular gentleness, and avoidance of offence. No public man ever made fewer enemies. No public speaker ever contrived so entirely to banish even just and reasonable asperity

and strong language from his speeches. There was some little disposition, when these Letters first saw the light, to hint that in his correspondence Sir G. C. Lewis was less reticent, and said his say on paper with a distinctness that might not always be palatable to the friends of those who were under discussion. But what should we think of the man who, in writing to his friend, used reserve, or kept back his candid opinion and his honest conviction? Would not a suspicion arise that gentleness was tameness, that shyness of speaking-out was constitutional weakness, if of men and books a letter-writer shrank from expressing what he thought without fear and without favour? A correspondence would assuredly be as well left in the *escritoire* to moulder, if all its frankness and plain speaking had "to be ironed out of it" before it was judged fit for the public eye. Sir George Lewis's letters do evince that independence of judgment and criticism, as to men and books, which we should expect in one so competent to arrive at a just estimate, and so honest as to suppress nothing that was strongly borne in upon his mind. Yet his frankness is never rashness. Every word is weighed and considered. Before we had got a sight of the volume, we gleaned from the pages of a review that Sir George Lewis had an antipathy to the principality of which he was a native and a chief ornament, and that he said "Amen" in one of his letters to a pious wish of an outspoken Englishman — "That the devil would fly away with this race of Celtic savages." Such strong expressions looked very unlikely to have received plenary endorsement from one, whose patrimony and antecedents were mainly Welsh. And a reference to the book itself cleared Sir George Lewis. The "Amen" was Sir Edmund Head's. The reviewer, trusting a little too implicitly to his paper-knife's survey of the pages, attributed the letter in question to Sir George Lewis, whereas it was that of his friend and future colleague. In his reply, Sir George admits the defective intelligence of the Welsh, which he rightly or wrongly assumes to have called forth the anathema, and does not see how it is to be improved until the villanous Welsh language is got rid of (p. 79). Of authors we admit that his criticism is often free. He does not mince matters, for example, when recording his impressions of Hookham Frere at Malta (p. 71); of Baden Powell and the mistranslations in his "History of Philosophy" (p. 32); of Gladstone's "Homeric Studies" (p. 333); and of Froude's historical sophistry (p. 318).

He speaks out, too, and that in a more orthodox vein than might have been expected, respecting Hampden's "Bampton Lectures;" but perhaps the strongest and most adverse criticisms in the whole correspondence are those on Hallam and Macaulay. "I have read," he writes from Malta to his father, "Macaulay's article on Lord Bacon in the *Edinburgh Review*. It is written in his usual sparkling, lively, antithetical style, and the historical part of it is interesting and amusing. His remarks on the ancient philosophers are, for the most part, shallow and ignorant in the extreme; his objections to the utility of logic are the stale commonplaces which all enemies of accurate knowledge and the eulogists of common sense, practical men, &c., have been always putting forth. There is generally throughout the article a want of soundness and coherency, and a puerile and almost girlish affectation of tinsel ornament, which, coming from a man of nearly forty, convince me that Macaulay will never be anything more than a rhetorician" (p. 93). However severe, the justice of these remarks can hardly be denied; and that the expression of them should be strong and outright is the less to be wondered at, if we consider how plain, unaffected, and inornate was St. George's own style and composition. Here and there, in his letters, when he half-jestingly puts a word in other speakers' mouths, and imagines what so-and-so should have said or might have said, he seems to use grander language and more elaborate periods; but the impression left on the mind is that in such cases he *takes off* the ornamental style which the world applauds, whilst in his own letters and writings he adheres to the plain, direct, even tenor of diction which approved itself to his clearness and accuracy of thought. It is conceivable that some may impute harshness of judgment to a stricture on Sir Walter Scott, which occurs in one of the letters from Malta, and which is undoubtedly more strongly and vehemently expressed than is Sir George Lewis's wont. "What a picture of Sir Walter Scott's character is exhibited in Lockhart's Life of him. How low and vulgar his objects, and how sordid his views of literature. He contracted to deliver novels as a Manchester manufacturer might contract to deliver bales of calico; and he received the money in advance in order to buy farms and pay for gilt furniture" (p. 102). Strong language, undoubtedly; yet not, after all, more condemnatory, in brief, of the grand mistake of a noble life than

was, in *extenso*, an article by a not unfriendly hand in the *Quarterly* some four years ago. It is not to be wondered at that Sir George Lewis could see little in "Pickwick" (of which he read but the first and worst half); that he considered it an imitation of Theodore Hook, and augured for it only a short-lived popularity (p. 94). The Pickwickian vein was not exactly the one into which he would most readily enter; though there could be no greater mistake than to suppose that he was deficient in a sense of humour, or was unable to conceive or "take" a joke, *ὁμῶς μὲνιδόνοντι*—*γέλως δὲ οὐ εἶχετο χεῖλες*. His eye twinkled with quiet fun, though the loud laugh was, we suspect an utter stranger to him. The earlier letters often record a joke, e.g., about the man applying "for two *mandami*," and the noble lord "who had been too sick in crossing from Dover to Calais to allow him to think of crossing the Simplon." His famous *mot*,* about life's being very tolerable but for its amusements, does not crop out in the now-printed correspondence, but we detect one or two variations of it, notably when he refers to a series of *duty gaieties* which he has been going through for his constituents. And humour, not to say satire, lurks in a good many of his descriptions of men and peoples, one instance of which is the passage where writing from Malta, he sketches its chief agitator. "Mitrovich, the Maltese O'Connell, seems to me from his letters to be a well-meaning, but exceedingly weak man. It is evident that he wishes the Government to buy him up. I suspect that he might be had, body and soul, for £200 a-year. The people, of course, think him a giant" (p. 64). And the same vein is here and there traceable in his letters of a much later date. It ran, of course, playfully but undisguisedly through the mock interpretation of the Hey-diddle-diddle inscription, a happy skit at the wordy waste of erudition of conjecture-loving commentators, and passed into keener, though still good-natured, irony in the pamphlet, after the manner of Whately's "Historic Doubts," wherein he propounded "suggestions for the application of the Egyptological method to Modern History." In this brochure, which he circulated privately, whilst Secretary at War, and which is by far too

little known, he demolishes the false principles of hypothetical reconstruction of history by establishing a mock theory of re-duplication, as regards the Stuart dynasty in England, and as regards St. Paul's in London and St. Peter's at Rome. "The history of England, properly reformed, will exhibit the true succession of William III. after Charles I., and will eliminate the two intermediate Kings denominated Charles II. and James II., as unmeaning repetitions of Charles I. and James I., and as identical with James and Charles, the two Stuart pretenders." Such is one of the theses which he works out so amusingly that we cannot but commend our readers to invest a shilling in the purchase of the pamphlet, still to be had at Messrs. Longmans'.

But we must not overstep the limits of our space. Before glancing off to this question of the humorous element in Sir George Lewis's character, we had meant to refer to one or two of the notices he gives in passing of political men, and in which he awards his praise and respect by no means at the prompting of party feeling. He is naturally appreciative of Lord Palmerston, though he takes care to enumerate the claims of that statesman to the public confidence with much fairness. He seems to have formed (perhaps to some extent he inherited from his father) a very high opinion, within certain limits, of the great Duke of Wellington's capacity for statesmanship. He always speaks of the late Lord Derby with respect; but in his survey of the ranks opposed to him in the battle of politics, he appears to have marked out the present Lord Lytton as one of the ablest of his compeers. Twice in the later letters does he express the impressions made upon him by that distinguished writer's statesmanlike gifts, and comprehensiveness of mind. Amongst authors, he was justly drawn towards his friend and correspondent, Mr. Grote, whose

* In keeping with this latent humour was his readiness of quotation, which sometimes exhibited itself in as happy retorts as the best on the records of the House of Commons. One day in the House of Commons, Mr. Disraeli, imputing to Sir George Lewis, as Chancellor of the Exchequer, commonplace ideas and excessive prudence, applied to him Horace's line, "*Serpit humi tutus nimium timidae procella*." In this shape and as levelled at one so full of Horace the shot was hazardous. The ambitious flights and frequent falls of Mr. Disraeli provoked a retort from Sir George, which he had not long to wait for. Caution, he replied, was wiser policy than that of his honourable friend who "*Dum vitat humum, nubes et inania capet*." We owe this story to the *Racon des Deux Mondes*. Sir George's reply to Mr. Darby Griffiths about the relative merits of the great and small bore is too well known to need recital.

* As is remarked by a correspondent of the *Times*, this *mot* is spilt by the substitution of "pleasures" or "enjoyments" for the word of which they are supposed to be synonyms. The whole point of the saying is that in Sir George Lewis's opinion "amusements" are neither pleasures nor enjoyments. See *Times* of Sept. 18, 1872.

"History of Greece" he enthusiastically admired, although never scrupling to point out aught on which he differed from him in his arguments. Candour and self-respect, indeed, were essential elements of his praise, whenever and wherever bestowed; and the result of an expression of doubt or difference of opinion by Sir George Lewis must have been the furtherance of truth, his devotion to which was paramount.*

We cannot close our notice of these Letters without grateful reference to "the patience in imparting knowledge," which their editor notes as being one characteristic of the writer of them. With so much to give and so little to take, he might have sat selfishly alone on the serene heights of learning and literature, and wrapt himself, as many of like eminence have done, in his own researches and intellectual aspirations. But, on the contrary, he never seemed so happy as when coming down, without even a suspicion of condescension, to the level of lesser men. The stores of his own literary acquisition were at all times open to their disposal. He would write letters, one after another, following up any hint he had given in conversation of a good subject for an article; and take a world of pains in looking over other men's proofs, and lending his "obstetrical" aid in the bringing to light of their literary bantlings. Publishers, aware that they might trespass upon his thorough sympathy with the interests of literature, would solicit his perusal of manuscripts submitted to them, and find him within a few days bringing or sending them his opinion which was sure to be based upon a conscientious reading. The book before us affords instances of his accessibility to all who sought information: *e.g.*, his exhaustive examination of the theory of

Mesmer to Mrs. Edward Villiers; his explanation of "aesthetics and æsthetic" to Miss Duff Gordon; and his contributions, from ancient horticulture for the most part, to his brother's article on Gardening, in the *Edinburgh*. His well-digested learning did not puff him up, but was ready, taken for what it was worth, for the use of his friends and of the public. It was most unlike that which is aptly described in "Gondibert:—"

For though books serve as diet of the mind,
If knowledge, early got, self value breeds,
By false digestion it is turned to wind,
And what should nourish on the eater feeds.

The present reviewer might add more, from his own experience of Sir George Lewis's constant interest and kindly aid in his own literary undertakings, and deal in reminiscences of the encouragement he gave him in the translation of Babrius, and in the study of proverb- and fable-literature. At the time of his death, an article, "In Memoriam," by the penner of these words, appeared in a Scotch educational magazine, and called forth a letter to the editor from Professor Conington. Differing from us on the controversy as to the second part of Babrius, Mr. Conington warmly concurred in the tone and spirit of the notice, which had dwelt on Sir G. C. Lewis's sympathy with his fellow-workers in literature; and added words which may serve as one of numberless testimonies to the same fact: "My acquaintance with Sir G. Lewis was mainly a literary one, but his personal kindness and courtesy were unfailing; and it is not easy to exaggerate what scholarship has suffered in the loss of a statesman who was himself a working scholar."*

It remains to thank Sir Gilbert Lewis for having collected and systematized as much as came within his reach of the correspondence of one whom his country will ever hold in honour. The fraternal duty will not only throw additional light on Sir George's views and opinions, but will serve more completely to identify him as a man, who, to quote Philip Van Artevelde,

"Knew himself and knew the ways before him:

And from among them chose considerably:
And, having chosen, with a steadfast mind
Pursued his purposes."

JAMES DAVIES.

* A word must be said in reference to a misconception of Sir George Lewis's character and habits by one who has in so many points wonderfully appreciated them, the French Journalist from whom we have more than once quoted. Speaking of his mental bias he calls him, evidently with an idea that it conveyed a compliment, "un homme affranchi de toute superstition. Il n'en avait aucune: aussi le Dimanche—était-il son grand jour de travail, celui qu'il vaquait exclusivement à ce que j'appellerai ses occupations païennes." (p. 821.) For want of a more authoritative negative to the impression these words convey, we venture to assert, upon sufficient grounds, that, though the last man to make a show of his religious duties, Sir George Lewis was regular in the performance of them, and in town and country alike a reverent observer of the Sabbath. In fact, the picture of the statesman devoting his Sunday to pagan literature is eminently French, and at the same time eminently fanciful.

* Museum, vol. III. p. 370.

From Nature.

THE LAST ERUPTION OF VESUVIUS.

THE scientific results of the late eruption of Vesuvius promise to be as important to science as the phenomena were grand and awe-inspiring to the spectator. Not only has Prof. Palmieri published an account of the observations from his dangerous standpoint, in Italian and German, which will shortly make its appearance here in the English translation by Mr. Mallet, but M. Henri Saussure has also published in the Geneva *Bibliothèque Universelle* an account of an excursion made by him to Vesuvius about the middle of last May, shortly after the violent eruption of April. This account, given by such a competent observer, is so interesting and valuable, from all points of view, that it must be regarded as a most valuable addition to the literature of one of the most popularly-known volcanoes on our planet.

Vesuvius, as Prof. Phillips has taught us, was formerly a mountain forming a vast circle, whose central part, occupied partly by a crater—which, without doubt, has been often displaced within the limits of the circumference—was not less than three kilometres in diameter, and the projecting part of which, occupied at present by the cone, formed then only a kind of plateau. The famous eruption of A.D. 79, which happened unexpectedly after a very long period of repose, entirely changed the form of the mountain. Very little lava seems to have been given forth during that eruption, which was characterized by tremendous showers of stones and ashes, and by rivers of mud. This it was that buried Pompeii and Herculaneum, the former being covered by fifteen feet, the latter by thirty or forty feet, of *débris*, and which, at the same time, appears to have formed, by accumulation, the present mountain of Vesuvius, placed in the centre of the ancient circle, the work having been completed by innumerable successive eruptions.

The Vesuvius group, then, is at present composed of two distinct mountains—namely, the cone of Vesuvius, and the rest of the ancient circle which form, to the north and west, a vast amphitheatre, named *La Somma*. Between the two mountains is an elevated horse-shoe shaped valley, the middle part of which bears the name of *Atrio del Cavallo*, and the upper extremity, towards the east, that of *Canale del Inferno*. This elevated valley is depressed and widened towards the west, where it takes the name of *Gli Atri*, and ends by being lost upon the slopes of the *Piano* which form the buttresses of the two

mountains, and which emerge by various ravines into the plains which stretch from San Sebastiano to Torre del Greco.

This description would be incomplete if we did not mention a knoll or hillock, apparently insignificant, but in reality of great importance from the part it plays in giving direction to the lava. This little eminence, named Monte de Canteroni, has the form of an elongated saddleback; it runs east and west, parallel with the western extremity of the crest of *La Somma*, rising towards Vesuvius. It divides, as it were, in the direction of its length, the outlet of the elevated valley, and as it does not reach the foot of the cone of Vesuvius, it forms only an incomplete partition which divides the currents of lava flowing out of *Atrio del Cavallo*. At the lower or western extremity of this saddleback is situated the Observatory.

The greatest overflows are always those which make their way across the mass of the mountain; for when a volcano has acquired a certain height, the weight of the liquid column which issues from the vent becomes so considerable that the incandescent matter must rush from the fissures at a lower level. But, for a certain number of years, the centre of eruption of lava seems to have shifted towards *Atrio del Cavallo*, in the elevated valley situated between the two mountains.

In 1855 and the following years, eruptions made their way or had been thrown upon this point, and have transformed the elevated valley into a sort of sea of lava, which at present may be about 1,000 metres in breadth. The burning torrent makes its way to the west, but on leaving the valley of *Atrio*, it very soon encounters Monte de Canteroni, which divides the current into two unequal parts, giving to each a different direction, throwing back the principal stream on the left into *Fosso Vetrana*, and the small part on the right, upon the slopes of the *Piano*. The lava does not scoop out but only rolls along the ground, the eroded ravines which furrow the sides of the mountain becoming necessarily their natural channel. Thus the successive currents have followed very nearly the same channel, being superimposed on each other through a great part of their course. When the lava streams are of considerable depth, they often pass over small inequalities of ground, and leap to right and left when they strike against any considerable obstacle.

A good carriage road leads from Resina as far as the Observatory, across the cultivated slopes which are covered with houses.

At less than a kilometre from the Observatory, the road traverses the lava of 1858, which has covered up the old route, and through which it has become necessary to reopen the way. Almost immediately after having passed the lava, the Observatory is reached, where Prof. Palmieri sojourned during the terrible days of the last eruption. This building, situated at a height of 600 metres, is a substantial freestone structure of two stories, surrounded by beautiful terraces which overlook the lava field on all sides, and the edges of which are enclosed by a handsome railing not much in keeping with the desolate aspect of the place. M. Palmieri has been compelled, from the want of trained assistants, to set up registering apparatus, and can obtain certain connected observations only during the time of his occasional stay at the Observatory. But for this circumstance, the last eruption would probably have been foreseen for some time.

From the Observatory, the summit of Mount Vesuvius can be reached in two hours. The road skirts the immense fields of black lava which stretch between Monte Canteroni and the foot of Vesuvius, and which have been formed by the recent eruptions as they escaped from Atrio del Cavallo. The lava of April 25 M. de Saussure found already quite cooled on the surface. There would not appear to be a greater amount of incandescence at the bottom of any crevasse, although the matter certainly preserves its heat under the superficial stratum, as was attested by the great number of fumaroles encountered almost everywhere. These emanations escaped for the most part from little kilns, or swollen crevasses, which communicate by clefts with the deeper lava. Around some of these fires there prevailed a strong odour of hydrochloric acid, while other vents did not emit anything but steam or warm air. These are, indeed, the successive phases which mark these emanations of lava until they reach complete coolness.

At first, the whole surface of the lava-streams seems to exhale steam and hydrochloric acid, and the atmosphere is filled with a disagreeable odour which makes breathing uncomfortable. But very quickly the exhalations are localized around the little centres of fire, whose activity continues for many months, and emanations from which are gradually modified. Thus, as seen from Naples at the time of the visit, the whole of the lava appeared to be smoking, and it was possible clearly to distin-

guish the tracks of the whitish vapours which appeared to wander over the surface; but close at hand there was nothing to be seen but the fumaroles, between each of which there is plenty of space. The gas and the hot vapours which the lava emits are charged with numerous substances, and become the source of mineral deposits which fill the tourist with wonder. One of the most curious phenomena observed is the power of burning lava to retain an enormous quantity of water and salt, which it does not allow to escape until it begins to cool. The formation of salt is shown generally over the whole stretch of lava emitted in 1872. Soon after the surface cools it is covered with a light crust of salt, which forms in similar flowery patterns on the beds of cinders that cover the plains, the cinders themselves emitting everywhere hydrochloric acid. The first showers caused this deposit rapidly to disappear, and there remained on the 12th of May only scanty traces, except on the lower surface of the blocks, where the rain had not the power to dissolve it. But the salt continued to be deposited in the vents, from which were detached beautiful crystals and graceful concretions; it continued also to be formed upon the great deposits of cinders on the cone of Vesuvius, and, even on May 19, the summit of the mountain, as seen from the Observatory, appeared from this cause as if sprinkled with snow.

Next to salt, the substance which is formed in greatest abundance upon the lava is chloride of iron, which assumes the most varied tints according to its surroundings, but is in general of a beautiful yellow, often orange, and is easily mistaken for sulphur. A multitude of other substances are deposited around the smoke-vents besides those which have been named. These are for the most part metallic compounds, especially chlorides, and more rarely sulphur compounds. There are chlorides of copper and lead, hæmatite and magnetic iron ore, gypsum, &c. The peroxide of iron, in particular, plays an important part in the life of these fumaroles; it appears to be formed by decomposition of chloride of iron; the protuberances of the scorix are often covered with the substance, which gives them the richest and most brilliant variegated appearance.

The origin of these many substances has considerably occupied the attention of chemists, and has not yet been satisfactorily explained; but the form of the concretions, as much as the accumulation of

substance, apparently foreign to lava, indicate that they are formed by sublimation.

When the summit of the cone was approached, fine ashes were found scattered about the transverse rents that are apt to be taken for ruptures caused by the concussions accompanying the eruptions. But violent fissures would rather have formed radiating or longitudinal rents, while these are perhaps only the effect of the settlement of the cinders which naturally tend to act in the direction of the direction of the greatest slope, and to give rise to fissures analogous to those which are observed in the centre of the Alps. It is to this same phenomenon that must be attributed the step-like structure, traces of which are met with on the external face of the summit of the mountain, and which is probably owing to the fact that the lower edge of the rents must be elevated by the settlement, while the upper edge remains unaffected, or is itself lowered in supplying the matter which afterwards fills the rents. On the outside face of the cone, these steps are scarcely more than three or four inches in height, but on the margin of the internal face of the south-west side of the crater are four large sharp-edged steps of more than a metre high, arranged stair-wise, the formation of which can scarcely be explained otherwise than by a deposit or a flow of ashes accumulated at the end of the last eruption.

A vast transverse funnel, much larger than it is broad, occupies the south-west part of the summit of the cone, and this gulf is itself divided at the bottom by a partition of rocks which divides it into two compartments. A third crater occupies the north part, and is separated from the first by a considerable wall of rocks. This latter crater opens into the great north fissure which descends into Atrio del Cavallo; it was opened during the last eruption at the expense of an adventitious cone raised in 1855, and appears to have been the most active, since it is upon its side that the mountain is rent as far as the base of the cone; however, it has not ejected any lava, this having found its way out by the bottom of the fissure. During the eruption the lava was raised as far as the summit of the mountain — it has filled to the brim the double crater on the south-west — yet two days after this the lava had escaped by the south side; for on the 24th of April it overflowed the crater and formed three streams on the south, the west, and the north-east, which flowed down the slopes of the cone, and lost

themselves among the fields of lava underneath. After this event the lava fell back to the bottom of the craters.

The depth of the crater may be estimated at about 130 metres. The bottom appears to be full of *débris* and ashes, but shows no sign of incandescence, nor of any adventitious cone; no smoke ascends, and the volcano, after its convulsion, has apparently fallen into a complete sleep. The only signs of activity are seen in the numerous unimportant jets of white vapour which escape either from the bottom or from various points in the walls, and which appear to dissolve in the atmosphere. Nevertheless, as seen from Naples, Vesuvius always appears with a light smoke hanging over it, which is invisible on the mountain itself. On the side next Pompeii only, to the east and north-east the slopes are macadamized by bomblike blocks of the size of the head. The crater must have projected from all sides a shower of such blocks, but over all the other parts of the mountain this deposit must have been covered by a thick bed of ashes; and since these blocks are seen only on the east, it is evident that at the time of the last eruption of cinders a violent wind must have blown them to the opposite side. The large blocks, if they have been thrown up to the height of 1,500 metres, appear to have fallen back at a short distance from the crater. Shot vertically, they fell so, while the ashes, on account of their greater lightness, have been carried to a greater distance.

The crater on the south-west is divided through and through by a narrow rent, which is doubtless the prolongation of that which on the 24th emitted, half way up, the lava which went in the direction of Torre del Greco. This rent divides the south crest, and may be traced upon the walls of the crater, where it looks only like a simple fissure; it re-appears more distinctly on the opposite side. Another disappears among the cracks of the rocks. This rent exhaled at the summit of the crater burning gases, which formed upon the sides abundant deposits. The south crest was sufficiently filled up by sand to enable one to cross it, but such a quantity of sulphurous vapours was emitted, that to escape being asphyxiated it was necessary to make several rapid leaps. On the west side of the crater the rent still gapes, and has not been filled up, notwithstanding the heat which escaped.

The eruption of April 23 which followed the rending of Vesuvius, reopening the same vent, suddenly made its way to the

same point, shattering the manifold bed of lava, and ejecting to the surface immense blocks, probably torn from their beds far below. Of this *débris*, mixed with incandescent lava, there is formed an elongated ridge of about 50 metres high, from the base of which there sprang an enormous mass of lava that swept over the little cone of Atrio. The lava burst forth at first in all directions, even a little behind in ascending the valley. It filled all Atrio, without, however, encrusting anywhere the sides of the rocks of the Amphitheatre of La Somma, and flowed along the valley in the form of a current of about 1,000 metres broad. Subsequently encountering the ridge of Canteroni, it was turned to the right, though a part of it was separated by the upper extremity of this knoll, and diverted to the left on the slopes of Piano, where it contorted somewhat the foot of the mountain, thanks to the lava of 1858, which, having changed the slope of the ground, prevented it from continuing its route. The principal stream continued to follow the valley of the Fosso de la Ventrana, running at the rate of about one kilometre and a half in two hours, passing under the Observatory, where the lava was seen to boil up at places and shoot forth into little eruptions, projecting jets of steam and scorie; then it was precipitated in a cascade of fire over a wall of rock, and continued its course by the same ravine as the stream of 1858, and for the greater part of its course overrunning the lava of that year. It passed, exactly as its predecessor did, between the villages of Massa and San Sebastiano, sweeping away likewise a portion of the houses, part of it at last lodging itself on the south of Cercola, while a branch of the current continued in the direction of San Giorgio.

The imagination is unable to comprehend how such a mass of matter could escape in a single day from a single fire, and spread itself over an area of seven kilometres. The elongated ridge formed in the Atrio, at the time of the eruption, upon the site of the centre of the outbreak, appears at present only like a huge bubble on the sea of lava. It is composed of recent black lava, strewn with enormous blocks of old bleached lava encased in the new. These blocks are, without doubt, the *débris* of subjacent beds which have been broken and driven back by the lava at the time of its outbreak; the mass of them encrusted with the same lava having formed a whole so solid that it could not be swept away by the general current. This ridge does not now overtop the sur-

face of the lava more than fifteen to twenty metres, from which we may conclude that the bed of lava at this point has an enormous depth.

The general effects of the eruption of 1872 have been somewhat as follows, according to M. de Saussure:—

1. The mountain of Vesuvius has been divided by a rent running nearly from north to south-south-west.

2. The lava, rising in the rent, has rushed along the two sides, on the north to the very foot of the cone, on the south half-way down in much less abundance.

3. The summit of the mountain has been lowered and flattened.

An examination of the lava of 1872 does not appear likely to lead to any new results. Its mineralogical nature is essentially the same as that of the other lavas of all ages that have been found both on Vesuvius and in La Somma. It is composed of a leucitic rock strewn with crystals of augite, and destitute of vitreous felspar; whence the names of leucitiferous or augitiferous, as one or other substance prevails. The most ancient lava which forms the body and crevices of La Somma, is in general very pale; it often contains an abundance of leucite crystals of the size of a foot; but its composition is, qualitatively, essentially analogous to that of the actual black lava. The lava of 1872 differs considerably in its physical appearance from that of 1858. The last is much less scoriated; it has a fleecy surface formed of round embossments, shining and comparatively little roughened. We might liken it to black whipped cream, which has flowed along, forming arches, fibrous stalactites, twisted cords, which look at places as if vitrified. The lava of 1872, on the contrary, is extremely scoriaceous, and assumes a form almost like madrepore. On account of the great shrieking of the material, it has been broken up into blocks, entirely separated from each other, and roundish, because the mass was as yet vitreous; porous, in consequence of the quantity of glass it enclosed, and full of the most curious irregularities resembling coral and vegetation, which render progress infinitely difficult. The difference of appearance, combined with a thin layer of gray cinders which adheres to the lava of 1872, enables one to distinguish at once between it and those of preceding years. It will be noticed also to the north of the Observatory that the current has filled all the bottom of the valley of Ventrana, while on the south it has only run into the crevices of the old lava, surrounding the

knolls, separating, re-uniting, leaving here and there inlets, as rivers without any determinate bed do at low water. This difference of structure of the two lavas seems to result from the very rapid cooling of that of 1872.

It is not easy to form a notion of the depth of this lava. In the lower parts the bed is about eight metres deep, with a breadth of about 800 metres; its borders form moraines of 45°, which indicate the small fluidity of the matter at the time it reached the place. In Atrio del Cavallo the moraine of the bed of lava which leans against the foot of the rocks of La Somma is less elevated, but the enormous waves in the middle of this surface argue in some places a considerable thickness.

The successive eruptions which have taken place in Atrio and which have piled up layer on layer, have enormously raised the level of the ground. A German geologist has conceived the idea of counting the layers which form the vertical dykes on the rocks of La Somma. At present the number would be hidden beneath more than a hundred feet of lava. The stream which debouches from Atrio has ended by considerably overtopping the Observatory; and that the latter has not been threatened this year results from the fact that the saddleback of Monte Canteroni, upon which it stands, rises in the direction of Vesuvius in such a manner that its eastern extremity (Croce del Salvatore) has hitherto performed the part of a buttress in dividing the burning stream and diverting the two currents into the ravines which slope rapidly to the right and left of the height. But a new outbreak will, without doubt, sweep away the eastern extremity of this crest, and a succeeding one would easily be able to send a stream of lava flowing as far as the Observatory. Foreseeing this danger, M. Palmieri has raised above the building a redan of a very sharp angle. This will form but a weak barrier, though it may be able to retard for a little the progress of the devastating element. Since several of the recent eruptions have happened on the Atrio side, it would seem as if the chief centre of volcanic action was tending towards that point, and there seems little doubt that one of the next eruptions will place the Observatory more or less in danger. Let us hope, however, that when that time arrives a worthy successor of Palmieri may safely chronicle what is going on, and that another De Saussure may be there to see.

From Tinsley's Magazine.

OF GROWING OLD.

THE reply of the jester, who was ordered to execution for an untimely sarcasm, but who was allowed his choice of the mode of making his exit from the scene of life, that, if it was the same to his irascible master, he would die of old age, suggests to us that growing old is the only way we know of enjoying long life. Yet with what regret is the conviction forced upon us that we are no longer young! And though our tastes and habits have changed, with what fondness do we cling to memories of the past! We sigh when we remember the days of old. We thought not in the pleasant springtime that youth should ever leave us, and, lo, he has fled from our grasp into the shadowy and the irrecoverable.

"Could he leave us to return
Never again?

Alas, we know not how he went;

We knew not he was going;

For, had our tears once found a vent,

We had stayed him with their flowing.

Think with him how gay of yore

We made sunshine out of shade.

All went happily about him,

How shall we get on without him?"

What is it to grow old? Is it merely to see the years pass away, with our beauty and our strength? Who will tell us? One of our popular modern versifiers says:

"It is to spend long days,

And not once feel that we were ever young.

It is to add, immured

In the hot prison of the present, month

To month with weary pain.

Deep in our hidden heart

Festers the dull remembrance of a change,

But no emotion — none."

Our experience, however, does not concur in this doleful definition. How does the man of pleasure answer? He says, it is a most unfortunate occurrence, because it threatens to deprive him of the power of pleasing; it alarms him by the warning that he must cease to be "the glass of fashion and the mould of form," and nothing offers itself as a suitable compensation. But we do not feel it thus. What, then, says matter-of-fact? Why, that it is nothing *per se*, only a sluggishness of the circulation, a decay of vigour, a loss of tissue. Well, perhaps it is all this; but it is something more. The question suggests other ideas to a mind of ordinary intelligence.

We are no longer so attractive as we were. The indifference with which we are

now greeted prompts us to ask, Whence the change? Our sobering thoughts, our altered tastes, our staid demeanour, all tell us, "We are growing old!"

But why should we grow old? Why should so noble a creature as man, so highly endowed with a moral and intellectual nature, have no power over his own destiny? The trees of the forest grow slowly to maturity, and stand proudly against the adverse forces of nature for a thousand years and more. The everlasting hills are as stable and majestic as they were before there was a man to gaze upon them. They never grow old. Surely we are of more importance than any object in nature? Why then cannot we bid our strength remain?

It is because growing old is an absolute and indispensable accessory of an immortal being. He was wise whose experience taught him to say, "I would not live always." He had realized the necessity of a termination to this tentative existence, and foresaw how barren, in the great results of wisdom and goodness, would be a life here interminably prolonged. Creatures of habit, we should go on in the same routine, with no anticipations of the future, strangers to any change in heart or life, and rendering progress an impossibility. If we can conceive of such an order of things, we must see that its realization would take from us all desire for immortality, and gradually deprive us of the happiness which is afforded in looking forward to a state of being where the injustice and inequalities incident to the present life should be counterbalanced and corrected.

In a state of interminable progression, in which "heir urges on his predecessor heir, as wave impelleth wave," growing old is a necessity; it is the procession from one stage of our being to another. With advancing years, we acquire views of life to which in youth we were necessarily strangers, and which cannot be otherwise obtained. It is not till now that a man reflects seriously on the true purpose of living, of his responsibility as an active and intelligent being, and of the final causes of his individual identification with the body politic. Years may not always bring wisdom; but there is a maturity of judgment, an unerring instinct, which tells a man what should be chosen and what avoided, and a certain method and caution in his every-day transactions which only experience can give. We generally find that it is not until the thoughtless and the vicious among those who have been

his associates begin to drop one by one around him, that his reflections on life and his influence on his generation come to be of any value.

This departure of youth manifests itself as unmistakably in the habitudes of the mind as in the grey hair and failing strength. In youth, we live in the future. We see visions and dream dreams. We build castles of enchantment, which we furnish and people with a vivid imagination. We picture the fairest bride, the fastest friends, and the most flowery of pathways. Alas, how does experience disappoint us, and show us the vanity of human wishes, as we find one idol after another rudely shattered or wisely withheld! Our thoughts are now mainly in the past, and we are busier with memories than with hopes. We dream not so much of conquests to be achieved as of the golden opportunities now passed beyond recall, of the rich treasures of time and talents we have wasted. We think less of our merry companions and the favourable impressions we make than we do of the contemporaries who are one after another passing away from us; less of our conquests in love, now that smiles are scarcer than kisses were then, than of some whom we have slighted in that older time. Have we ever noticed, in forming one of an assembly of people in our youth, how every one seemed mature compared with ourselves? Now, when we look around us, how greatly do the young seem to preponderate!

When we remember the rose-tint of romance with which the freshness and vividness of every new impression tinged our early days, and now find that existence is no longer a dream but a reality, and that there is so little to look forward to, is it any wonder that we cast a lingering look behind? The character of our life is fixed, and our occupations and associations promise to be in the future very much what they now are. Do we notice how much more rapidly each succeeding year seems to pass away? Cannot we remember how, in our childhood, the term of a year appeared interminable, and we thought we could compress into that great space almost any amount of work and play? But as we get older, how is it that, with all our industry, time seems too short for the work we take in hand? We become so engrossed, that holy-days and holidays are alike invaded; and after all is done, how much is left unfinished, how many schemes remain untried? "It is the solemn thought connected with middle

life," says the late eloquent F. W. Robertson, "that life's last business is begun in earnest; and it is then, midway between the cradle and the grave, that a man begins to marvel that he let the days of youth go by so half enjoyed. It is the pensive autumn feeling, it is the sensation of half sadness that we experience when the longest day of the year is past, and every day that follows is shorter, and the light fainter, and the feebler shadows tell that nature is hastening with gigantic footsteps to her winter grave. So does man look back upon his youth. When the first gray hairs become visible, when the unwelcome truth fastens itself upon the mind that a man is no longer going up hill, but down, and that the sun is always westering, he looks back on things behind. When we were children, we thought as children. But now there lies before us manhood, with its earnest work, and then old age, and then the grave, and then home. There is a second youth for man, better and holier than his first, if he will look on, and not back."

It is natural for the young to look forward. Were they to cease to dream of the future, and begin to realize the present in its hard unsympathizing aspect, as older people do, then away with all the simplicity and attractiveness of childhood. We should have no children but Liliputian men and women. When we think of our own childhood, we sympathize with the poet who said that, could he have the construction of a world like ours, he should have us all little children. The laws of inevitable progress, however, cannot admit of such an arrangement. We love our children in all their stages of advancement, but perhaps at no period are they dearer or more engaging than when they are awakening to the comprehension of the sights and sounds that greet their senses, and when their innocent prattle and childish play bind them with strong and living tendrils to our hearts. Yet we would not have them always thus. If we found that at ten or twelve years old they had not in any way advanced in growth and knowledge from the age of five, we should inquire with considerable anxiety why they did not progress as we thought we were entitled to expect in comparing them with other children; and if at twenty they continued to be but prattling babes, we should not then hesitate to consult with the physician in order to find a remedy for so unusual a stagnation of intellect. The child himself has this desire of progression strongly implanted in his nature, and dreams and

speaks of what he will be and what he will do "when he is a man." If we, then, in the case of our own children, recognize its necessity, should we not acquiesce in the beneficence and wisdom of the divine arrangement which carries us on from step to step of our being in order to impress upon us the necessity of due preparation for the inevitable future? Not infrequently, when a youth experiences a change of heart,

"He sinks in blissful dreams away,
And visions of eternal day,"

and his desire is to go right away to heaven at once. But that is not God's way, or how then should His work be done, or the world be the better for us? Our training in youth is only the preparation for the conflict, which is to teach us the value of suffering and disappointment — to lift the mind above the concerns of earth — to form the character — to make the man. It was never designed that heaven should be filled with babies. It is a grander and nobler sight to see the hero of many well-contested engagements stand a conqueror at the gate, with battered helm, and dented shield, and well-hacked sword, and honourable scars, and to hear him say, "I have fought the good fight: I have finished my course: I have kept the faith."

Our being hurried forward in spite of ourselves generally reconciles us to our fate; but there are instances wherein the attainment of certain ends, if not secured in youth, is rendered increasingly problematical. In these cases, we can understand and sympathize with the regret for its departure, and the attempt to prolong it till we can grasp the desiderata so ardently longed for. To this we mainly attribute the desire to be thought younger than we are and the practice of understating our ages. Why should we be ashamed to make our ages known, it may be asked, when we find men and women much older than ourselves who make no secret of theirs? In men this little vanity is less excusable. It is a foible or a weakness not easily mastered, and when we are tempted to laugh at a stout gentleman puffing up hill in order to keep pace with younger and more vigorous competitors, and to despise the aging creature who assumes the airs and costume of a beau, we would anticipate the day when we ourselves may be tempted in some way to preserve the appearance of youth, and so be lenient in our judgment.

Men who neglect the work set before them in their younger days generally fail to

secure the status which their opportunities promised, and we believe it is because they have frittered away many of their best years, and have no satisfactory result to show in work done or progress made, that many in middle life are induced to conceal their ages. Such a man has not properly learnt his business, and never gets beyond its rudiments, so that, in his repeated applications for employment, he understates his age as a matter of policy. We cannot therefore wonder that a woman, disappointed in seeing her contemporaries finding husbands and homes, and her own time passing away with the main object of her life still unattained, should look forward with despondency to the coming years, and cling to the semblance of youth by a concealment of the truth.

The desire to retain an appearance of youthfulness seems natural, and the Madame Rachels might retire from business did they not appeal to this touch of nature which makes us all so much akin. It is a common theory that unemotional people do so as a rule, but we doubt this, for even where they keep the freshness of face and fullness of contour, there is generally greater fascination in the young in heart—of cheerful disposition and lively manner. Something of this prolonged juvenescence must have constituted the charm of some of the celebrated women of whom we read in the chronicles and poems of all ages, and whether the heroine be Dido or Héloïse, Helen or Ninon de Lenclos—the words spoken of Cleopatra will equally apply:

"Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
Her infinite variety."

Like those we have known who died young, they are never old to us.

As we grow out of youth into middle life, we are sometimes disagreeably reminded of the fact. We sit us down confidently beside a young lady, as we did in days of yore, with the intention of making ourselves agreeable, and it is not till we mark the averted look, the unconcealed indifference, or the constrained politeness, that the truth is forced upon us that the old charm has left us, that we belong to another era, that our time for flirtation is gone. When we won't believe that we cannot remain at fifteen or five-and-twenty, we require the administration of something unpleasant in the shape of a corrective. There are suitable enjoyments for all ages, and the paterfamilias has as genuine satisfaction in his business and his rising family as the youth has in successful love and bright prospects. Happy is the

man who marries young, and who lives his youth over again in his rising boys and girls. Suppose you had a daughter as attractive as one of these young women to whom you are sometimes so attentive, would you in any wise congratulate yourself if you saw a gray-haired fellow—whatever his qualifications or position—dangle after her as you do after another man's? We think not.

As growing old is a necessity while we continue in life, we should accept its different stages with complacency, and adapt ourselves, in thought and feeling, to its sobering influences not alone for our personal comfort, but because we are more narrowly watched and more strictly judged by younger eyes, that see more than we think.

The portion of the journey we have completed makes the present a suitable standpoint for reflection, and for contemplation of the uncertain future. While retrospection recalls a thousand and one pleasing reminiscences, it is not without a feeling of mortification that we remember how much that promised unmixed gratification yielded us but Dead-Sea fruit, and that we think of the dreams that have not been realized, of the love that was to have been our crown and joy, and of the palace that was to have enshrined our household gods. More bitter than these, however, are the memories of our wasted time and neglected opportunities, the words we would fain recall, the mean actions that make us blush for ourselves, the sins of our youth which we wish forgotten.

"'Tis greatly wise to talk with our past hours,
And ask them what report they've borne to heaven,
And how they might have borne more welcome news."

It will be well if our reflection make us wiser, and if our errors and shortcomings serve as monitors and beacons.

We cannot exactly define the period in every case when we awake to the momentous truth that youth has indeed departed, and that we can look forward now only to a descending of the hill; but we may fix it generally at a little before or a little after one half of the span of life fixed by the Psalmist. We get into years without being conscious of it, and everything assumes a sober and often disagreeably realistic aspect. We do not wear our heart upon our sleeve, or trust professions and appearances as we once did. We have become selfish, uncommunicative, and suspicious. In our boyhood, what exalted ideas we formed

of female excellence, what a pattern of every virtue was our wife to be, and how many models of perfection have we successively set up in order to fall down before them in heart worship, surprised that the rest of the world was so blind as not to perceive the virtues so patent to ourselves?

We may trace a number of these divinities; perhaps we are on visiting terms with some of them. Does it not sometimes amuse us, when we remember our early devotion, to compare our idol with this mother of a family, very stout and common-place, engaged in her prosaic household duties? Or with another, soured by many disappointments, becoming familiar with the hope deferred which maketh the heart sick? What! can this be the creature we thought angelic? Before entering the room in which she sat, have we not paused, impressed with the solemnity of the occasion, and did not her very presence perfume the atmosphere? And as we stood at the door to pull up our shirt-collar and push our fingers through our hair, how did our heart dance to hear the silvery laugh or the tones of the voice we loved! Alas and alack-a-day! the love that once monopolized our thoughts has given place to selfish pursuits, and to chafing in the markets. And have we passed through these experiences unscathed? Has no engagement left a scar? Ah, there is a skeleton in your cupboard! Bring it out. Let us see what it is. Your friends do not know of the little incident in your history; but there are certain tokens carefully treasured in some corner of your repositories, which you have never had the heart to destroy. They are not often looked at; but when they do come into your hand in a search at the back of the pigeon-hole, or in a corner of the old desk, what memories they recall! You know what they are. There is that lock of hair, tied with a bit of faded ribbon; there are some letters, whose pretty angular handwriting and graceful diction are only less admirable than their naturalness and simplicity; there is that little glove which you took possession of, and carried about with you for such a long time. Is there anything else? Well, you know yourself. Ah, you look serious now. I know what you are thinking. You were succeeding in life, and had the prospect of being assumed a partner in your business, when you met the banker's daughter at the county ball, with whom you had a violent flirtation, and whose fortune would maintain the style you thought suitable to your rising position. And so poor Sally

was forsaken. Then, when your great commercial establishment suspended payment in the crisis, and you were ashamed to accept the invitation to spend your Christmas holidays at the country seat of Sir Moses Moneybags, you thought with regret of her to whom your misfortune would only have the more endeared you. Where is she now? Ah, well! Perhaps we had better not look into the past too earnestly. It is gone. Bad as it is, it might have been worse. Let us value what remains.

We find that love is not now so necessary to us. We have outlived the ardent passions of youth, and are more engrossed with the sterner realities of life. Nor can we now, in the nature of things, lay bare our hearts, and detail our hopes and fears with the assurance of the sympathy which was so readily accorded by our boyhood's friend. The reason of this is not far to seek. Companions in youth, possessing similarity of tastes, and having much the same experience, habits, and pursuits, daily contact drew more closely together. Since we parted, so different have been our occupations and surroundings, that we have been unconsciously moulded into individualities as distinct as if we had never met. All that remains of the eternal friendship then mutually sworn is the memory of the pleasant days up to the point where we severally diverged on our respective courses in life.

The struggle of competition has developed our latent powers. In youth, we hardly knew for what pursuit we were best adapted; and if we have had any measure of success in that we have chosen, we probably owe it more to our own sustained effort than to our natural fitness for it. If we had again to begin life with the knowledge our experience has given us, we should probably take a different course. In the majority of cases our path was marked out for us, or circumstances rendered it necessary to take the work that offered, and be thankful to get it. Generally speaking, he who has been under the necessity of bringing his mind to his station and duties has been the happier and the better for it in the end. We think that in every case the course has been wisely chosen which promised not the ready acquisition of wealth, or the prospect of fame or power, so much as pleasure in its pursuits and satisfaction with its rewards.

We hear much of the perils of the young, and it is right that simplicity and inexperience should be wisely warned against

the temptations likely to assail them. But there are also difficulties and trials peculiar to middle life, of which we do not hear so much, perhaps because the subjects of them are thought to be able to take care of themselves. The more complete development of mind and body, and the wisdom which comes with years, has served to damp our boyish ardour, and to throw cold water on the flames of our youthful susceptibilities. Our enthusiasm is not extinguished, however, it is only diverted; and as, with greater strength of purpose, we apply ourselves to the business of life, we are tempted to concentrate our attention and our affections upon acquisitions which are unsatisfying in their nature. And as we now smile, somewhat contemptuously it may be, at the generous enthusiasm of youth, we are in danger of becoming hard and unfeeling.

In these days of enlightenment, when School Boards are debating as to the readiest means of bringing the masses under the influence of education, we are tempted to ask, "Is there a man in middle life who has no well-defined religious belief, and is not able to give a reason for the hope that is in him?" If he has not this now, how and when is he to get it? We are engrossed in our secular pursuits, absorbed in our schemes of ambition, and worldly aggrandisement; and when our cherished object has been fairly attained, how far short of our expectations does it fall? Often, when we are alone, when the labours of the day are over, and all except ourselves have retired to rest, or as we lie awake in the gray dawn of the morning, and look thoughtfully into the future—the time that is coming, when the place that knows us now will know us no more, it is suggested, "Whose shall these things be which we have so industriously accumulated?" Is there not something above and beyond all this labour and sorrow which will afford satisfaction, something we can carry with us when we go hence? We have read of many who valued so lightly the things that perish in the using, that their desire has been to depart, because they had laid up their treasure elsewhere; and we ask ourselves, How is it not so with us? We are not ignorant of the eternal verities spoken to us weekly, and of which we surely read occasionally; but the seen, the tangible, the temporal, has been so exclusively the subject of our thoughts and the object of our search, that we have altogether neglected the unseen and eternal. What can life give us if we thus sacrifice what is noblest in our-

selves? And what avail all our acquisitions if we have not the wisdom which is profitable to direct, profitable both for this life and for that which lies beyond us? Do we not indefinitely postpone the day of reckoning and decision, and ease our elastic consciences by reflecting, "We are law-abiding citizens; we are not immoral; we owe no man anything; we provide for those dependent upon us; and we do not oppress the poor and needy"? Do we at the same time ask ourselves why we are such exemplary characters? Is it from the simple and pure desire to do our duty, and not in any way from the fear of men, and because the world holds these things in high repute? And when we have done this, is it enough? Is it by performing all things contained in the law that we are likely to secure that peace which the world cannot give? Of the two men who went up into the Temple to pray, which was justified—he who did not pray at all, or he who only cried for mercy?

In the early years of the present century, speculative philosophy formed the favourite and leading subject of research. To this succeeded the long series of wondrous achievements in physical science, and their application to every-day uses with which we are all familiar. We are now entering on another phase of progress, which we may characterize as an earnest desire for settled faith and doctrine. As education is permeating the lowest strata of society, thought is generated, and with thought comes inquiry. It may be that, in our schemes of benevolence, we are connected with a club of working men, or a benevolent association of our own employes, in whose meetings questions of social advancement are discussed, and opportunities of directing and guiding into the way of truth are of constant occurrence. How can we solve to others questions which we have not been able satisfactorily to answer to ourselves? Engaged in the inevitable struggle of daily life, we should summon to our aid whatever can help and counsel, and once for all settle every doubt and difficulty by constant reference to the word and to the testimony. We must act under the conviction that the world is not an end but a means, and that to conquer death we must first conquer life, and make it subservient to the great end of living.

To be convinced that one thing is needful is a step towards inquiring what that is, and in seeking it with such earnestness as to sell all that we have to obtain it. We are not as those without hope. Some time

is still before us that we may show how we have profited by the experience of the past. Let us choose now that good part which shall not be taken from us, that, whether we go down to an honoured grave in hoar hairs, or be suddenly called hence, we may receive the glad word, "Well done, good and faithful servant!"

From The Spectator.

THE CRISIS IN BERLIN.

THE most interesting feature in the Constitutional crisis at Berlin is the visible weakness of the aristocratic principle as a source of political power. As a social force that principle is still exceedingly powerful even in Switzerland and France, but as a political force it would seem throughout Europe to be very nearly dead. Outside England there is only one House of Peers which ventures to arrest legislation, and that one would appear to be already in *extremis*. However we may read the news from Berlin, it is evident that the Peers can make but a poor fight of it. Whether the King overbears the Upper House by his personal authority, or packs the House, or accepts the advice Prince Bismarck is said to have offered, and supersedes the House by an elective Senate, it is equally evident that the Peers are powerless in his hands. Nobody doubts that it rests with him, and not with them, to decide how the fight shall end; that the King can if he likes compel the Upper House to register his will, or vitally change its constitution, without danger or any lengthened struggle with any powerful body. Yet if the aristocratic principle is strong anywhere, it is strong in Prussia. The aristocrats and their allies own about half the soil, distribute all county patronage, supply more than two-thirds of the higher officers of the army and half the total number, and possess a social weight greater than that of the same class in England. They are brave, too, and efficient, understand administration, succeed in war, and are connected with the Throne by ties which only a few years ago it seemed impossible to loose. They assert that much of the greatness of Prussia is due to their exertions, that the power of the Sovereign is mainly upheld by their devotion, and that their order offers the strongest barrier to the influx of Republican ideas, and these assertions are in a measure true, and yet they can do nothing. Their power, as distinct from their social influence, when

once assailed, proves to be infinitesimal. So long as the King is with them they seem strong, because they share an authority which is real and in many ways exempt from popular pressure, but the moment he withdraws and leaves them face to face with the nation they are defeated men. They have no weapon to use. If they revolt — which is, of course, an absurd supposition — they will get no one to follow them, for the people dislike their political pretensions, and the army is the King's. If they agitate, the masses remain unmoved. If they appeal to the electors, the voters, who on many subjects are greatly influenced by them, on this one are certain to be independent, that is, hostile. The truth is that even in Germany no large body of men desires that a caste should possess legal power merely on the ground of birth or property. It is said that the Ultramontanes desire it, and intend to propose an alliance with the nobles; but the Vatican is not likely, while courting the people everywhere else, to make such a blunder as that in Germany, and no priesthood with tenets and discipline such as those of the Catholic clergy can become heartily aristocratic. What on their system is a Colonna with the tonsure, that he should disobey or even criticize a nobody with the crozier? The Germans do not, so far as we understand them, hate their nobles as the French did, or object to accord them social position, or feel annoyed at their employment in the offices of State; but they dislike equally their direct power and the use they make of it, and now that it is attacked will not defend them. No member will lose his seat for not supporting them. No Minister will be unpopular because he assails them. No journal is abandoned because it pours ridicule on their order. The nobles, once at variance with the Throne, stand alone, a mere class, too few to rely on numbers, too little popular to rely on influence, too antipathetic to modern feeling to rely on the indisposition of all nations to sudden changes in their visible instruments of government. If the King supersedes them the body of the people will be delighted, if he outnumbers them the people will be amused, if he persuades them to retire from their vote the people will be contented and contemptuous. Whether the stone falls on the pitcher or the pitcher falls on the stone no good comes to the pitcher, for it cannot abide the shock. That it should be so throughout a continent which for three thousand years has accorded power more or less direct to men on account of

their birth, that the feudal patriciat should have become as powerless as the older one, is a fact upon which large volumes might be written, but that it is a fact is beyond dispute. The single buttress of the aristocracy as a direct political power is the conviction of statesmen that they are useful to the State; when that is departed their power is departed also. The nobles of Russia owned the people and were crushed by the Sovereign in a night. The nobles of Germany own the soil, rule the army, and lead the peasants, and cannot resist the Sovereign for a day. The nobles of France have a clear majority for their opinions in the Sovereign Assembly, and cannot pass a single law they like. And the nobles of Britain, owning perhaps a third of her soil, possessing half the legislative powers, and almost governing society, know that if Mr. Gladstone's third

thought were hostile to them they might prepare a requiem for the oldest deliberative assembly in the world. Civilized men have not ceased to believe that birth has claims, but they have ceased to believe that birth can confer a claim to rule. The revolution in opinion has been of late years very silent, and out of France very inactive, but it has been complete. It has sapped the political power of the aristocratic principle, and would have sapped that of the monarchical, but that it is buttressed by three securities wholly independent of birth,—the fear of Republicanism as a security for property, the want of any certainty as to the best alternative method of securing a permanent executive, and the physical power derived from the standing armies, which await the orders of Kings, but not those of aristocracies.

ACCORDING to the *Golos*, the increase of the Russian army is not to be nearly so formidable as has in some quarters been represented. The principle of universal liability to military service is no doubt in force throughout the Russian empire; but this has always been the case, and follows, as a matter of course, from the nature of the Government. The important thing to know is what proportion of the population is to be called every year to the army; and the *Golos* declares that it will be fixed at 6 per 1,000 of the male population, which, allowing for those who will be allowed to liberate themselves from service by means of a pecuniary contribution, will, it is calculated, yield an annual contingent of 150,000. The Russians, then, are far from having adopted the Prussian system of universal military service, which (as the Berlin correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph* informed us some time ago) was to give them 3,000,000 soldiers. What is still more remarkable is that they should have introduced the old French, and essentially non-Prussian, plan of exemption by money payment.

Pall Mall Gazette.

sary. It appears from the *Militär-Wochenblatt* of Berlin that there is no foundation for this rumour, which the Prussian war-sheet classes with a similar one as to the proofs of the first part having been submitted for approval to M. Thiers. As the second part of the official history is to contain descriptions of the battles before Metz, it would have been desirable, if both sides were to be heard, to send proofs not only to Marshal MacMahon, but also and above all to Marshal Bazaine, though under actual circumstances the latter could scarcely have undertaken the delicate duty of revision.

Pall Mall Gazette.

A PLAGUE of butterflies is a rare occurrence. A short time ago, however, the town of Florence was invaded by a prodigious quantity of these insects. All the distance of the Long'arno between the Piazza Manin and the Barriera and in all the adjacent streets the passage was almost obstructed by an extraordinary quantity of butterflies that had swarmed in such thick clouds round the gaslights that the streets were comparatively dark. Fires were immediately lighted by order of the Municipality and by private citizens, in which the butterflies burnt their wings, so that half an hour afterwards one walked upon a layer formed by the bodies of the butterflies an inch thick !!! They were of a whitish colour, and some of the streets appeared as if covered with snow, at least so say the Italian papers.

A PARAGRAPH has lately gone the round of the papers to the effect that Count Moltke, before sending to press the second part of the history of the Franco-German war, has forwarded the proofs to Marshal MacMahon, so that the French commander may have the opportunity of rectifying, or suggesting rectification, where rectification may seem to him neces-